

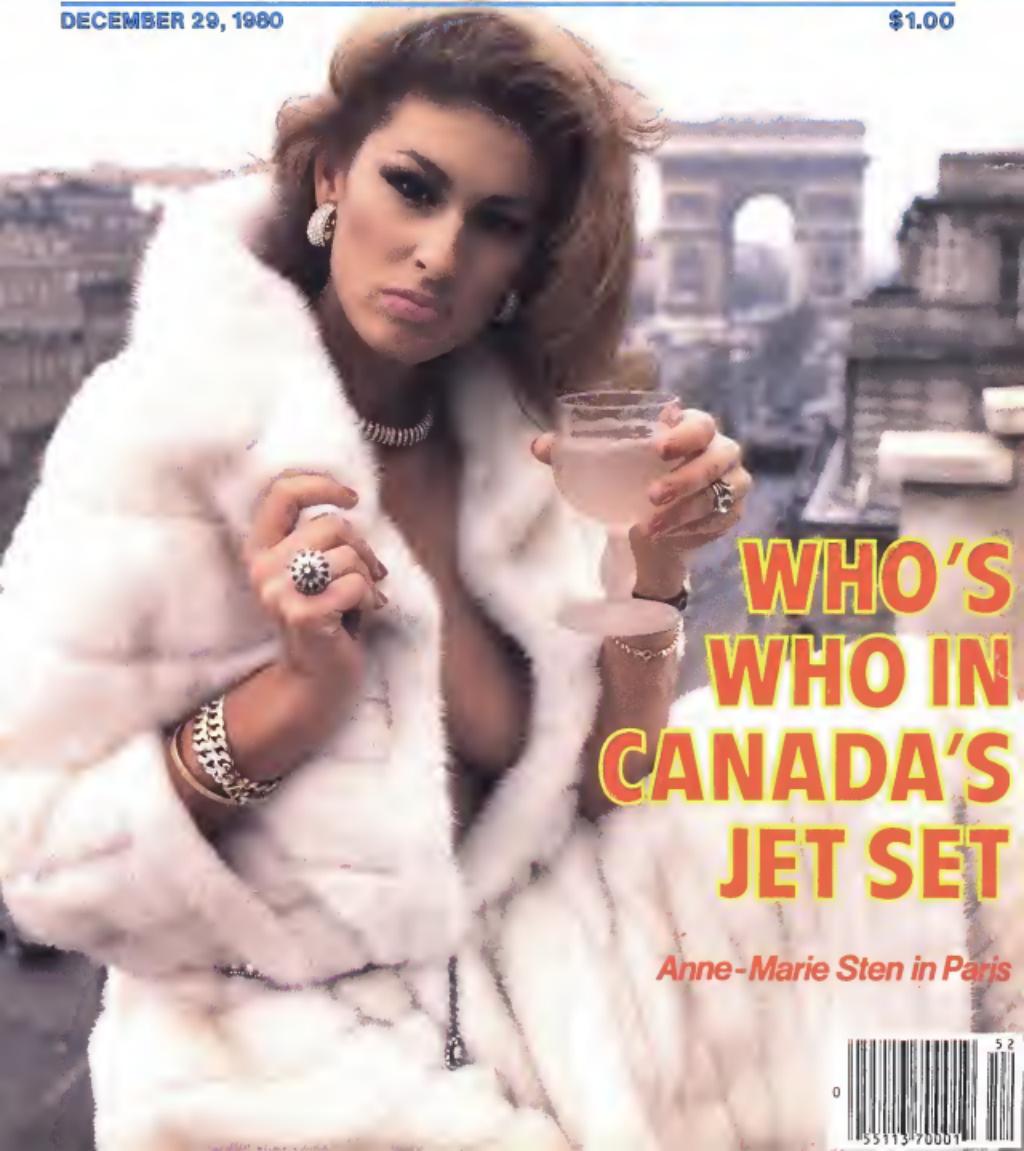
Hirsch
tackles Stratford

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 29, 1980

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WHO'S WHO IN CANADA'S JET SET

Anne-Marie Sten in Paris



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COVER STORY

The Canadian jet set
To the jet set, the world is a friendly playground for them to climb, conquer and explore. They seem to have escaped the constraints of family, manner and money that tether the lives of other Canadians. Because of this, they live our fantasies—the confidences and lies of golden lives. And they merit attention because they can be a barometer of popular culture and style. —Peter J. Smith



Winter 2010

Inflation is up, the dollar is down, only the party in power has changed. —*Post*



Hitting the wave

Canadian officials looked on as Lévesque was showered with accolades in France. — Page 22



Nostalgia for romance

A mellow Raúl and Peláezki return
to former flame Nastassja Kinski
in film "For Sharon" — Page 31



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JOHNSTON

EDITORIAL

Oil and gas are running low but CanLit thrives to keep us warm

By Peter C. Newman

The year that ends next week may have been an economic disaster, but at least we can find solace and optimism in the most impressive cornucopia of books yet produced by Canadian publishers. It has been a vintage year for such established writers as Hugh McLennan, Pierre Berton, Charles Templeton and William Stevenson, all of whom prodded their best works to date. It was also the season for the auspicious literary debut of John Fraser, whose reminiscences of his two years as *The Globe and Mail's* correspondent in China turned out to be a masterful synthesis of journalistic delights.

The award for the greatest improvement by any Canadian novelist must go to Richard Rohmer. Most of his past books have been written with all the nerve and machismo of a bound volume of test cards, their sex scenes reading as if people made love by numbers. But his new one, *Personage Red*, is as tart as a La Carré thriller. The all-too-plausible plot concerns Seafar sub-marines threatening to destroy the free world's oil fleet. It's a painstakingly documented preview of how the Third World War was almost avoided.

Richard Gwyn's *The Northerns* clearly stands out as an epic political biography, painting Pierre Trudeau as the wall-like as coach batterly. A more mod-

est but equally impressive volume about Jean Draperay by broadcast journalists Brian McKenna and Susan Parell is an astonishing profile of Montreal's perpetual mayor. The book yields the quote of the year. Asked if he believes in Lord Acton's well-known dictum that "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely," Draperay ponders a bit, then replies: "That is true. But it isn't absolutely true."

The best summer book of the year is *Ball of the Woods*, the autobiography of Gordon Gibson (written with Carol Brennen), which recounts with appropriate gusto how the CG logger became a millionaire at 40. His comic encounters with a bœuf in Paris, cabinet ministers at the table and fly-heated competitors portraying Gibson as heuse a capitalist on the hoof, proud of his calling and damned if he isn't going to squeeze the last drop of fun out of every living day.

The most unusual first novel is Roy Graham's *Nights and Crosses*. Marked by bodily bursts of metamorphosis ("the stars looked down like disapproving judges"), it's a weird merry-go-round in the manner, if not the complexity, of Flannagan Wake. Genuinely a mystery, the book parades all things Canadian as the unlikely murderer aptly confesses in his giddy dementium: "One cannot be too paranoid these days."

An appropriate enough epithet for 1980.

DEC 29, 1980

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An instinct for the potholes

They did it to the father — now to the son?

By Thomas Hopkins

For blissing with a new Mexicanian, B.C. Premier Bill Bennett recently allowed that the press can't threaten his programs were meeting with horse-ruffling opportunity, it is now—he's not getting the message across, he believed so do better. Perhaps it would be nice to be charitable, to argue that Bennett's government is generally made up of well-meaning men and women doing their best—honest best, but too often in the past year the government of British Columbia has come to be seen as a blunt instrument. In a reversal of the Mihm touch, everything, it seems, the Social Credit leaders seem to be steering well off, leaving former vice-premier Dave "Pat 'n Dave" Scrodes to practice acceptance speeches in his mirror.

Regardless of Bennett's aides' jibes, the Sacred Diseases have arrived in dusty western. Early in December, Ministerial Affairs Minister Bill Vander Zalm informed the mayor of Vancouver, the Greater Vancouver Regional District and the federal government by anonymous letter that purchase of the Canadian freighter ported train system by Vancouver before any of the others had made up their minds on the deal. The same week the provincial government, which last year had quickly dismissed the tabby Victoria Seafire cruise ship Princess Margarita as unfit for seafarers and bathers, said it had been ill-informed and now would re-fit it. The truncated session of the legislature that ended Dec. 31, ended abruptly while Bennett was on vacation, but even cabinet ministers struggled in bewilderment about its significance. As it turned out, the putative purpose was to wing to Ottawa a unanimous B.C. objection to unilateral patriation, on the occasion of the early December and of the special parliamentary committee on the constitution. The play rebounded embarrassingly when the committee's file was extended by two weeks and when the provincial wrt refused to endorse the Bennett motion. Other gaffes, such as the huge rise in government auto insurance rates to B.C. drivers (the Sacred source quietly backed off), the many take-over by the Bennett Resource Investment Corp (BIRC) of Kanner Resources Ltd., and other's resultant declining market value, have even political supporters thinking these hands heavily. Recent polls place the Sacred at least 10 points behind the patriotic wrt.

Thus flagging the Sacred madly point to Bennett's increasing isolation. The midwinter staff he gathered after recess in 1976 was ridged by last year's "duty tricks" scandal and aftermath. Despite the recent addition of a fresh-new executive assistant, it has remained largely unpledged, leaving Bennett with little organized option of seeking for special-interest groups offices or back-benchers. The other major culprit is lack of government



Bennett rehearsing acceptance speeches

organization. Ironically, the mediants Bennett created five years ago this month were laying phoners, and Social Credit vowed it would be different, but ever that has gone away. Witness the recent embarrassing ignorance on the part of the provincial environment minister about a propane U.S. oil supertank out of the B.C. coast while his energy minister colleagues sat on the information. Even the civil service has become demoralized, the bright young things have fled or been forced out, leaving behind couth old-timers and muddog muckers. It is increasingly a minimalist government, made worse by the fact that mackerel-barrel day-by-day politics is sacred—when Scrodes talk to their pillows at night—as is virtue.

It's B.C. population, and it might have been in another age, perhaps with Will Rogers at the helm, but in the 1980s it appears to lead from one hole in a swamp hole to another.

Across the floor of the B.C. House, Dave Harrett, only five seats away from vindication, watched like a big daddy slowly rocking on his front porch. His trooper base recently elected new Vancouver Mayor Mike Harcourt, overshadowing the Sacred-bound member. He was joined by TransGas, supporting high road or the constitutional debate in contrast to Bennett's student Ottawa-bounding. Bennett and his shadow cabinet have also been holding fast meetings with B.C. business leaders, and it is a testament to the Social Credit malaise that it is almost universally expected Harrett will form the next government.

But it is a bloodless form of opposition. Gone is the fire and the conviction of black feminist Rosemary Brown, in favor of the icy, if unfeeling, version of the wrt.

The single most potentially explosive element in the fast-moving board game of B.C. politics, however, is the would-be rebirth of the B.C. provincial Tories under new leader Brian Westwood, a talented, pint-sized Energy minister. Interestingly, Tony and Louise voters in B.C. have dissolved into Sacred support (another party currently holds a seat). Yet, despite some alarmingly right-wing followers, Westwood says he is prepared to play the sappy successor of Social Credit.

But if Bill Bennett doesn't appear unduly rattled by speculation that the fate of his leadership is at because he has it for two years of his mandate left, it is because he has no more than the Sacred trust angle. And, in Fastasy on the Flyleaf, that is a very long time indeed. Despite that, he must have felt a chill recently when 3280 B.C. teachers, protesting the heated indecency of their opinions, paraded through downtown Vancouver. Those are the teachers who were instrumental in the 1972 crashing of W.A.C. Bennett by Dave Bennett, and they singed this year read, "We did it to the father, we can do it to the son."

Thomas Hopkins is Maclean's B.C. bureau chief.



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Confessions of a TV addict

We huddle around television as if it were the ancestral fire'

By Brian Borealis

As a rock'n'roll musician on the road, I am exposed to unusually high levels of contamination from a variety of cultures, but I have yet to find anything as addictive or as debilitating as the radiation emitted by a single television set—the apocalyptic glare of a TV that is always on. You arrive in town, crawl out of the band truck, check out the stage, check into the hotel and down on the TV it stays on. Whether you're in the shower, reading a magazine, coming in or going out, it's on. If you didn't turn it on, someone else did.

Within the unashamed trinity of sex/drugs/rock'n'roll, television comes as our electronic mistress. She waits in the wings, ready to seduce the musician's love and furnish the amateur with another forgettable experience. We don't watch the tube. We need it, as often as we can, but even when we're not staring at it we perp it a periodic nod of respect, as if it were someone else in the room. The glow fills a space, provides a sense of continuity and is an ongoing artifact. Give on this day our daily payout.

Now I know this is 1980, not 1960, and we're all too aware of the harmful effects of TV, how it turns us besides to calculous and offers up enough sex and violence to transform the average child into a psychopath before he hits puberty. Yet, we keep watching it because TV is, after all, an anxiolytic gun. And we never know something might come on that we wouldn't want to miss.

One night at an out-of-town gig, Playing For Time, the controversial program casting Yasmin Redgrave as a Jewish matron in a Nazi death camp, was on between sets. Our bus player (Arctic Al Arfvidson) kept changing the channel because he found the material assaultive for musicians on a break. Upon reflection, he was right. This kind of god-wrecking drama violates the principles of unity on which the integrity of television is based. It's not called a vacuum tube for nothing.

Of course, there are forums, even within television, that are pretending to undermine the tube's sacred function as a medium-making mechanism. Recently I was invited to see a cable show from my manufacturer stating that "television should be more than an electronic transmiser." It's seven years later and the fables still from a costume drama and a football game are preposterous and appear phantasmagorical, not calcified, stinkily appalled (not disinterested). Then the propagandist, with the kind of voice generally reserved for documentaries about the Lakers, makes the preposterous claim that his TV set is "a work of art." This same machine that is capable of uttering such pleasantries as "hundreds of original of paintings in unfathomably low prices at Galleria's Traveler Motor Hotel in Hamilton."



Now that the Peacock has gone the way of the Edsel, I can stay up late with the real thing right in front of me. I can watch helplessly while Ronald Reagan's victory turns NBC's election map a brilliant shade of blue and David Brinkley (pig-faced) compares it to "a big suburban swimming pool." The same night I can watch a proliferation Jane Fonda play Barbarella. Words dissolve in my TV. It's not bone disco, where all the political and sexy people

say their crucial words disconnectedly and unattached instead. It's like a vast, sprawling of ideas—millions of impervious ideas that have no place where they come from and no place further than to take.

And late at night, when the thoughts turned off, it turns on the real world. Under just where does all the television glass go? Is it biodegradable? I have visions of the unconscious turning into a dazed sewer of colored purifications of plastic organs blowing themselves like as they try to kick down the screen's cerebral assadist. What is the radioactive half-life of a camcorder? How long does it take the brain to digest of video waste? I mean, does this stuff ever come off?

Brian Borealis plays percussion with the Toronto-based rock'n'roll band, The Nudus.



PROFILE: JOHN MEISEL

Both hands on the dials of Canadian culture

Helping Canada find a Canadian way to express itself



By Ian Anderson

A shiny grey cycling helmet perches incongruously on the balding wooden countenance of John Meisel, president of Canadian Satellite Television. At the night, white-turtledolls wax in the office has been here since eight this morning, the winter's first stars he damned. "I was certainly innocent enough then," John Meisel notes, recalling his first turbulent month as chair of the nation's television, a medium he seldom watched before, and when he did, with academic disdain. He talks now of those "mind-blowingly important issues" he faces as chairman of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. At 31, Meisel has forsaken the pastoral splendor and contemplative life of Queen's University to live over the levers of the sun-making machinery. The man who still talks irritably of "the disruption of television advertising" has given up hard-hitting and trashing the crews of Ontario's political science students. To him has passed the task of beating and bugging Canadian communications policy out of the 1970s hot out of the Site. Meisel's most frequent discussions that will determine how Canadians will communicate with each other in the future: whether satellites and/or

Meisel: deciding how Canadians will communicate in the future

bots will link the nation together as far as regional production, whether Canadian "culture" will take root in the airwaves of American movies, sports and situation comedies. The latter prospect is particularly distasteful to Meisel, since he believes words and images can make a difference, that a nation's oils can be sealed if the region can make themselves heard and understood at the centre. He interprets his job as helping Canada find a Canadian way to express itself, before Canadians forget what Canada ever meant.

It is hard to picture John Meisel as a modern-day J Edgar Hoover presiding over prohibition, or Grover Cleveland over the Bastian Tea Party. By name he is not a builder of walls. He views the CRTC as a "kind of sympathetic neighborhood cop," patrolling the streets and controlling the scamps, the brazenists and phone companies. But this does not prevent that role yet. Never has the CRTC been so hopelessly bogged down, as when Meisel took over one year ago. Not the least of his problems was the reorganization of a weary set of nine commissioners over the past 24 months, all before their seven-year terms expired. While Meisel spent 14-hour days

leashing the ropes, the commission languished, even as the technology of the business advanced at a frightening pace. There are now in Canada some 1,200 dish-receivers paying pay-TV off U.S. satellite, but none have been presented to Ontario and Quebec. Most "describable" kits are advertised in newspapers, featuring comic-book-type pay-TV capsules from America and one, the Capsule in Windsor. One estimates there are 1,200 dish-receivers in that city. In Ottawa, businessman John Ross has sold five "diskers" in the past two months since he started Canadian Satellite Terminalis Ltd. His advertisement is the local TV guide.

John Meisel is passionately Canadian. After he took the CRTC job he complained he had something to the point that adopted him and his Czech parents in 1969, that educated him and gave him work and pleasure. For more than 20 years he poohed the political pages of his new home in English and in French, analyzing its moral and political differences. The ability he concluded, is still searching for an identity. "We tend to view American forms," he explains. "We are too quick to adapt to what they have done and accept these standards as our standards, their styles as our styles." In his more honest days as an academic, he searched the race as a "remnant in our unapproachable conservatism." And he concluded that "progressively and ultimately assimilating Americanization is in part a consequence of our indecisiveness and timidity. Effective resistance to foreign domination is therefore unlikely without a clearer definition of ourselves."

Few in the broadcasting industry would argue with his analysis. They do question what can be done as late in the game and without leadership from a passive federal government. Even Eric Stucki, president of the 400-member Canadian Association of Broadcasters, an industry lobby group, estimates the CRTC has about five years of work on its plate now, with more to come. "We're in an inflationary resolution," Stucki says. "How are people going to cope with it? How is the slow and deliberate regulatory process going to deal with it? And how much time do you have? That's John Meisel's biggest problem."

The CRTC's crisis isn't little changed in two years. Decisions are needed quickly on the extension of Canadian television channels to remote areas; national definitions of Canadian content; a second CBC channel devoted to top-quality Canadian programming; pay-TV and the cost of telecommunications. On top of these are crucial but less pressing issues such as satellite regulations, two-way cable television



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John Meisel: "What the CRTC is a kind of sympathetic neighbor-foe."

and Bell Canada's demand to re-gig its rate structure so telephone calls be billed according to usage. These are the major decisions. In addition, the CRTC faces its annual hearings on some 2,000 license applications and renewals. And the regulatory cat's next ears even more tangled will the government tired of waiting, simply take Saskatchewan's lead and move control of pay-TV? Can the broadcasters and cable operators survive the flood of international program competition if every home gets a satellite dish? And if cable companies get into programming to protect themselves, will that fragment the advertising market too severely to support

Kravitz's satellite dishes, bought in the U.S. for \$7,000 to \$10,000? The three-satellite dish grab a five-seat legal from the Etc Satcom 1 "hot" stationed 17,800 km above the equator. This satellite houses 30 channels, transmitted from a New York transmitter to a host of American cable companies which redistribute them on their wires to subscribers who pay by the channel. There is scant damage here to cultural sovereignty. But Satcom 1 is just the beginning. Japan is now experimenting with a more powerful bird whose beam can be grabbed by a one-matrix collapsible dish costing about \$500 for a black-and-white television and \$1,000 for a color picture. France, West Germany, Italy and the Scandinavian countries, among others, also have plans to launch their "direct broadcast satellites" within three years. What the dish owners gets are TV stations in Atlanta, New York, Chicago and San Francisco; a 24-hour sports channel; a 24-hour news channel; a 24-hour movie channel; international satellite vacation programming, such as Disney's two channels that provide first-run movies, rock concerts and live Las Vegas shows; one channel that covers the U.S. Congress; etc.

Also available is Canada's Anik II

satellite, which carries the CBC schedule to legal government dishes in the far-flung outposts of the North. It can be less than fulfilling. Testing it one afternoon, a government minister named in Anik and got—not Canadian content but a U.S. soap opera, *As the World Turns*. An open defiance of Ottawa, illegal dishes dot northern and mountain towns cut off from cable television. Communications Minister Pierre Fox has yet to close down a remote dish, perhaps agreeing with Ross when he said, "Does the government really believe that everyone who watches TV in the U.S. in the finished reality wants to watch soap operas?"

John Meisel is one Canadian who doesn't want to watch them. "I need to watch everything, unfortunately," he complains. "I have to keep up with what's on. Certainly don't enjoy it all." Meisel's solution is to improve the quality of Canadian programming. "You can compete with those from other countries." For that achievement alone he would like to be remembered. But it's not as simple as waving a wined U.S. network's spent about \$4 billion last year to buy or make television shows. As a CRTC committee studying pay-TV this year noted, that sum is "seven or eight times as much as the CBC has for the entire operation of national radio and television services in two languages." The committee recommended that at least \$200 million a year went to CBC as programming if it is "ever to become effectively competitive." One prime source of cash would be pay-TV, the legitimacy of which the CRTC will rule on next year—the plan after it was termed "inevitable" by the then-communications minister, Jeanne Sauve.

The argument now is more over who will control pay-TV—and reap the enormous profits—than the wisdom of its independence. The broadcasters are terrified that the cable companies, should they gain access to pay-TV, will move into direct competition as program creators rather than mere distributors. Lord chastises as "Pavlovian" what he terms the broadcasters' belief that "everything the cable operators do is wrong and harmful." But the day of pay-TV is getting closer for the major cable operators. Earlier into the game than their American counterparts, Canadian cable companies are now serving 1.5 million U.S. homes. Lord estimates his company offers its American subscribers between three and five more channels than the service that's offered in Canada. The difference is the pay-TV channel. "That unlocks the green light for differentiation," he says. And says, "Today you can have special children's programs, special amateur citizen programs, special something. Those can be sold through one terminal in the home. You can separate out what you want. But the CRTC has to approve it or we're left with only the basic service programming, which isn't very exciting. There's as incentive to add more service. It would just knock you out to see what we offer in our new Portland [Gas] system."

The only cable operators managers that Meisel inherited these problems. The broadcasters had done little to encourage independent producers. Canadian programs were treated, in the words of one former CBC commissioner, as "the cost of doing business rather than a way to make money." In the prime evening time slots, 70 per cent of the entertainment shows watched by Canadians are foreign. Meisel recognizes a danger here. He saw Canada as the "nemesis-of-corporatism" manager of the man who brought him to Ottawa during the Tory interregnum, Jim Clark. There is no release, Meisel

Q & A: JUNE CALLWOOD

Repression of speech—Canada's real tradition



The country hasn't much chance unless somebody bombs us'

Why do most Canadians support the War Measures Act in 1970? Why are they content to live with concentrations on them and others? He is someone whose wealth and status are threatened by the business and, accordingly, is treated with bad grace. For Menzil, knowledge is power. For the industry, power is everything—and Menzil has it. CRTC decisions are final, the courts only rule on whether the commission exceeded its authority. Menzil called himself "a very gentle type of person but I think I'm very tough." He will have to be in order to pursue his goals. He is, after all, the man who told us "the Americanization of Canada" is incompatible with the country, maintaining a distinct value system and must be stopped. To this end, the unfriendly police professor has quickly discovered how to focus the industry's attention on those matters dear to him. "It would surprise me no end," he says, "if we didn't reward with a house those people who are prepared to do the most for Canadian production" in broadcasting, that's like the promise of a lion from your golfie.

Next year, Canadian public television will be accepted the responsibility of the War Measures Act of 1970 without serious objection. Why weren't there more in the streets?

Callwood: Well, the Americans would be mad. We not only took it lying down but loved it because we're a very different people. They're the revolution, we're the counter-revolution. Ironically, we developed as a country in reaction to their intelligence. Any time they weren't seriously involving us they were always thrown into a defensive position to the teacher. ♦

McNamee: Your book *Canadianism* was able to accept the responsibility of the War Measures Act of 1970 without serious objection. Why weren't there more in the streets?

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We never had the chance to examine those aspects of the American culture that stand for the principles we think we stand for—democracy, freedom of the individual—because that's what the U.S. was standing and it was the enemy. So they reinforced our conservatism and our passion for the old values. *McNamee:* What were the old values you're talking about?

Callwood: One could say that the original sin here was not sex but disloyalty. There's a kind of complicity in the Canadian culture which comes from our puritan mentality, in Northrop Frye's famous phrase. [He continues] that we are in a sort, we're well-protected and we don't have to worry. Just find out what our duties are, salute and go about our business. And if the commanding officer doesn't want to tell us what he's about, it's okay with us. I'm also a supporter of Margaret Atwood's theory that for Canada the supreme victory is survival. Just to get through a disaster, not to rise above it, is plenty for us. We're full of Americans and other immigrants, but what we've attracted are the conservatives—people who want the old values. So we have safety, clean streets, order. But we gave up entrepreneurship. We gave up the instinct to be angry at the abuse of our rights.

McNamee: How do you feel our rights have been violated?

Callwood: In a whole history, the Canadian Civil Liberties Association has



Mamadou is hungry—every day



Mamadou is just a little boy—too young for school, too small to work. His parents hope with the thousand odds of life he'll grow up to be a good man. He can't even afford a ball to play with, let alone a meal to eat. Mamadou's life is in the grip of sadness and despair, with his mother dead and his father, Mamadou, a child of the street, and he is hungry every day.

It's not that his parents don't try to provide, but three hungry children cannot be fed on their meager

Mamadou Souane: Six years old. Family lives in a mud-hut—sleeps on the dirt floor. No running water. No electricity. Not even basic sanitary facilities.

monthly income. Rice, potatoes, a rare treat of fish are all they can afford to fill empty tummies—frogs rich in starch, but devoid of nutrition. So Mamadou remains hungry—and hungry goes the look in his eyes. His parents are parents, but there is absolutely nothing they can do—nothing but bear his suffering with their own.

The *Sun* caused something to change their lives—a boost towards the self-respect they dream somehow, someday of attaining—a boost someone like you could give. If Mamadou became a Foster Child, think what a difference PLAN's help could make! Through Foster Parents Plan's integrated programs, counseling, decision-making, and involvement, we can validate written sheet Goodwill, training and education would no longer be dreams, but attainable reality. Your small monthly contribution would reach out to touch the entire community in which Mamadou lives—through vital development projects.

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or where this need is greatest _____		
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PLAN operates in Alberta, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, Yukon, Northwest Territories, Nunavut, and the District of Columbia. The Foster Parents Plan of Canada is officially registered as a Canadian Organization Organization by the Federal Government. Contributions are tax deductible.		
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Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, their families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency and hopes, in time, to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

What does involvement in Foster Parents Plan mean? By helping a child through PLAN, you experience a warm feeling of fulfillment that surely can be equalled. Your help will be extended to each member of the child's family and beyond—to the community in which he lives. In return, you will receive a case history and profile of your Foster Child and Family, regular correspondence from them, and from the PLAN Director in their country, and an annual program report and updated profiles.

How does Foster Parents Plan promote self-reliance? When a needy family becomes a Foster Family, they immediately begin to work toward a brighter future. Together with our social workers, they set a number of goals which will help make them self-sufficient. This is called their "Family Development Plan," and each year they will set goals and work toward them—goals mutually agreed upon as important. The aim is that within a specified period of time, the family will have reached a sufficient level of self-reliance so no longer need our support. We watch where your money goes—and we know it helps.

How are donations used? 89% of Foster Parents Plan's total income goes directly toward our overseas programs and provides material aid and services to your Foster Family—including counselling, guidance, medical and dental care, education and much, much more.

How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavour to get community leaders to determine what their needs are before we establish a plan of action with them. The community must participate in the plan, and provide the labour while PLAN supplies the materials to meet their goals. Consumer co-operative stores are set up, youth and adult centers established, dams, wells and latrines are built, poultry and pig-raising projects are begun—and these are but a few examples.

national, why "all Ontario has to view the world in the way Toronto does?" Regional differences must be preserved to enrich the whole. "Alberta has something interesting place if people retain their differences, if they don't come from a particular model."

Menzil: "We as a teacher...and be sure by all accounts an excellent one, installed in her belief that ideas matter because you can "give a chance for searching to broach and grow that's already there." Since broadcasters are human beings, in Menzil's view, are like most people and "prefer to do the right thing rather than the wrong thing." Persuasion, for the moment, is how he will try to improve their Canadian programming. He has a lot of persuading to do. After all, this is a man whose favorite TV shows are dopes ("There's so little of it"), the Public Broadcasting System in the U.S. ("A lot of good stuff") and current affairs. He is interviewing with people who like their American counterparts, have tended to program for "Tilly and Mary See-see-kid," that mythical duo, favorites of the admires. Who watch six hours of TV a day and are open to a good sales pitch. Asked how he might defeat "indigenous forms of Canadian shows," Menzil suggested using television to promote public affairs "through the use of drama, dance, a mixed-media way of touching political stories." Be sure for Tilly and Mary.

The question still lingers after a year just how far Menzil will go. No one cares to hazard a guess. He is someone whose wealth and status are threatened by the business and, accordingly, is treated with bad grace. For Menzil, knowledge is power. For the industry, power is everything—and Menzil has it. CRTC decisions are final, the courts only rule on whether the commission exceeded its authority. Menzil called himself "a very gentle type of person but I think I'm very tough." He will have to be in order to pursue his goals. He is, after all, the man who told us "the Americanization of Canada" is incompatible with the country, maintaining a distinct value system and must be stopped. To this end, the unfriendly police professor has quickly discovered how to focus the industry's attention on those matters dear to him. "It would surprise me no end," he says, "if we didn't reward with a house those people who are prepared to do the most for Canadian production" in broadcasting, that's like the promise of a lion from your golfie.

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CANADA

Winter rerun for the economy

The only change in the Canadian economic dilemma is the party in power

By Ian Anderson

As interest rates hit a record high last week and the dollar a 47-year low, Pierre Trudeau journeyed to Toronto in an attempt with stars Jack Lemmon and Colleen Dewhurst and take in the premiere of the movie *Tribute*. "There are now many Canadian films," Trudeau opined. "But there aren't too many good ones, nor them." Back in Ottawa it seemed as if some bandwagon prophet was re-playing the same sorry red nation scenario through by a jolt. Only this time it was the Trudeau Liberals demanding the Trudeau Liberals do something, anything, to save a sinking economy. The score of See



Clark's famous knew no bounds in retelling legends of ure, issued little fiery speeches on a 20-hour debate that carried through Thursday night. Clark's fire ("Coward! Answer the question, coward!") at shadow Finance Minister Allan MacEachern could be understood in the context that he fell from electoral grace and Liberal successors may be even more resolute in their policies. And so, only the Clark government had as much to offer the nation than Clark a year ago. "I don't think there is a strategy," said an ambitious Liberal back-bencher last week. "Things are going to get a lot worse before they get better."

For all the Stoen and Deneen the debate ended in plenty of time for voters to



MacEachern (left) and Bourque: Isolated in a U.S. interest rate spiral

snot out of Ottawa early Friday night before the threatened strike by Air Canada flight attendants. (It was axed.) Canadians might ask if the economy wasn't rather like eading on the fire department to watch the church burn down. Inflation was reported by Statistics Canada last week to be running at 11.2 per cent annually, the highest level since 1973 before wage and price controls were imposed. No one saw any major drop for some years to come. The price of the Christmas turkey in the nation's tables this week is likely what it was in 1971. Heating oil has quadrupled. On average, the 1971 food index will be 38 cents in groceries alone this December. Food costs this year alone rose a whopping 10 per cent, StatsCan said. The Economic Council of Canada this month suggested the government for "federation and the increased uncertainty surrounding domestic policy on several important issues." It offered no solutions but predicted that, if the economy is to recover, Canadian

wages would a three-per-cent drop in average income. About the same time, Trudeau suggested citizens "very switch their priorities and spend a bit more on food than other things." StatsCan reports this has been going on since mid-1977, when the rate of average wages in the manufacturing sector began lagging behind the inflation rate. "He's really out of touch with the people," said Majorie Hartling, head of the National Anti-Poverty Organization. "He doesn't realize people have cut everything to begin with."

To jolly things up, the beleaguered governor of the Bank of Canada, Gerald Bouey, reassured reporters this week there has been "no significant increase" in industrial production in recent years. "Of course, this is still preferable to the increases in the standard of living," Bourque lectured. In fact, the aeronaut's call will shatter shortly this year, after the Canadian dollar loses its 381,000 Canadian citizens to the 198,000 Americans, 130,000 or whether or the three million living below the poverty line.

In his comeback election campaign, Trudeau insisted interest rates could be lowered by administering the economy "in a sounder way" than the Tories



Gale Garnett (left), Leacock, Trudeau and Katherine Roberts, wrong reel for the Canadian economic movie

had. As late as Dec. 16, MacEachern was suggesting Canadian interest rates could be independent of those in the U.S., which hit a record 11 per cent last week. MacEachern later changed his tune and Bouey bleakly concluded: "We haven't got any good choices open to us."

Nothing has really changed since



Clark got bounced last December. When Canadian interest rates fell out of step with those in the U.S., the dollar drops, investors large and small sell Canadian bonds and stocks. As a result, long-term rates, the Bank of Canada can quickly repair the damage as it did last week to pull the dollar from under \$8.5 cents U.S. to nearly \$8 cents. "The country's over a barrel," says Trudeau. MacEachern, chief economist for the Conference Board in Canada, a respected economic

forecasting group, MacEachern can throttle inflation by keeping interest rates high, as the U.S. does. Or he can lower the rates, letting the dollar drift and watch inflation rise as the same goes more far for exports. "In either case the answer has to be the same," says Maxwell. "The only choice is how you take the medicine." And the choice now is the same taken by the Tories last December: fight inflation now rather than later.

Any Canadian sitting down to a copy of *Tony* can take heart from the long-term view of most economists that the dollar is finally strong. Less cheerful is Bouey's advice to winter-weary Canadians on how they can help the buck. "Stay home, don't go to Florida." As Pierre Trudeau said his victory party last Feb. 18, "Welcome to the 1980s." Maybe the nation does need better aspirations.

Everyone knew there were problems. The MPs' heated tales of garbage bags of dead squirrel from the cafeteria. There were no hiring controls so no rejections and overeating were common. One was fired for roasting a shoulder of beef, complained to the head MP who got him the job. There was no system to ensure purchased goods ever arrived. Major purchases, like carpets, seldom went to tender. Patagonia at the political and employee level was rife. Finally the auditor-general was called in after the federal Treasury Board expressed alarm at soaring costs. The report did not name names, yet the conclusion was searing. The House should reflect "the highest standards of probity and probance," it said. "This is far from being true."

Marcel Lambert, a retired attorney from Edmonton, is still fighting some of the legislation and didn't tell us a goddam thing," he says. "They put it over my way." It was the minister who suggested last year on a preliminary report that an administrator be hired for the Hill. Lambert opposes the position and

Montano's dining room
Sask. now has rules

Trusting nakedly the Hill staff on the Management and Members' Services Committee took to meeting in secret without the knowledge of the whole assembly. At least five senior Hill administrators were aware of it. A financial control officer was caught fling his poker. A restaurant for senior Hill staff was opened without official approval. An auditor, a civil servant, was brought in to take the reins out of the hands of the members' committee. And the Speaker of the House—supreme authority on the Hill—found himself in open conflict with the senior staff and veterans?

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the man chosen to fill it, Arthur Silverman. Like many other senior MPs, Lambert sees Silverman as naive and unversed in the ways of the Hill, amputating the power as the services essential to Rock autoparts from us and Government staff has made Silverman's job "the worst in Ottawa," says one Hill insider. Lambert is intent on enforcing the council that's supreme authority over the Hill budget, and his concerns touch a nerves chord. "This is not just another Marconi-like the soft service," says the New Democrat on the services committee, Mark Rose.

Defending Silverman is the new Speaker, Jeanne Barstow, who took on the post last spring ignorant of the surrounding stores. Like the author, she can only guess how much theft or corruption may have gone on. "How can you know?" she asks. Incredibly, the first-ever inventory of Hill property was conducted only a year ago. "Those members that walked out with their diamonds after being defeated," says Lambert. "One guy had the胆 to bring his back for repairs." The diamonds were gently returned.

Silverman dispensed with tradition. Job openings were advertised, purchasing contracts imposed. He insisted on a strict up-front review provided over by a committee of administrators and made known a kind of general manager. The next link back, Barstow calls it, organized resistance. Stories of her incompetence, and Silverman's emergence of Hill traditions, were leaked to the press. Barstow took no giving interviews of her own. "I'm not going to sit down and take it," she responded last week. The old guard's defiance for her grew when she ordered the Mauggles into the investigation of subordination by Jacques Vermette, a financial control officer. Vermette had already been fired and had agreed to repay the \$65,000 he took. He was sentenced to six months in jail.

For some veterans MPs, the services committee is the only power they will ever see and, until now, it was absolute power, power without rules. The Speaker had no facilities to oversee the staff. Nothing proved this point better than the recent news that the Commons sergeant-at-arms, Maj.-Gen. (Gen.) Claude, had independently purchased a Toyota minivan for those few staffers driven out by the overflow crowds in the vast diamond room reserved for politicians, senior bureaucrats and the press. Barstow says she first learned about it when the sergeant-at-arms asked me very casually to drive across the street. I had no idea what it was."

Technically, Claude had the authority, since he controlled restaurant operations and hiring. Like the man



Claude, too, ate the cost service

during dinner, the new entry is heavily subsidized for the meal, \$5 for a litre of wine.

Silverman walked to close Claude's restaurant. Like most members, he agrees on the principle of subsidies, but feels it must be from the house. And already the new place is receiving wide recognition. Last week it helped host the Liberal Christmas party. By invitation only, of course.

—LA

Maritimes

An oink-oink here, an oink-oink there

When Party gets a tenancy-a-chair this spring, the only rule will be one and, until now, it was absolute power, power without rules. The Speaker had no facilities to oversee the staff. Nothing proved this point better than the recent news that the Commons sergeant-at-arms, Maj.-Gen. (Gen.) Claude, had independently purchased a Toyota minivan for those few staffers driven out by the overflow crowds in the vast diamond room reserved for politicians, senior bureaucrats and the press. Barstow says she first learned about it when the sergeant-at-arms asked me very casually to drive across the street. I had no idea what it was."

Since, then, partners have long favored Hines as a proxy to the 260,000 pigs, 50,000 sheep and 340,000 head of cattle upon which a major portion of the area's economy rests. One answer would be a voluntary collapse in the region. But the three producers have been negotiating over its location for a full 10 years, and it now appears likely that Canada's next net school will wind up in British Columbia instead.

At a meeting of the Council of Maritime premiers in Amherst, N.B., earlier this month, the issue was once again on the table—and once again was unresolved. An email in the Maritimes, the dispute costers federal funds and provincial programs P.E.I. and Nova Scotia both want the college built within their boundaries. When the meeting was only able to agree to discuss the topic again in February, frustrated P.E.I. Premier Angus MacIsaac declared, "The repeated failure of the council to decide on this important matter could lead many Maritimers to question the degree of co-operation that actually exists in this region."

The year ago, a special study commissioned by Agriculture Canada recommended the creation of a fourth seat, adding it to those of a fourth, fifth, and sixth in Saskatchewan. The study concluded that Canada needed 160 more seats each year and that facilities at the existing colleges were already stretched to capacity. With the prospect that Ontario would pack half the east of the new college, the governments of P.E.I., Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick appointed their own commission in 1975 to pick its location. In 1976, the commission recommended the campus of P.E.I.'s Charlottetown P.E.I. was naturally delighted. New Brunswick accepted the proposal and Newfoundland, though not a member of the Maritime premiers'

Premier MacLean (left) and Bucknor aquabatting give B.C. the pitch



ceived, also provided support. But Gerald Regan, then Liberal premier of Nova Scotia, was adamant that it should come to his province. The three other provinces were reluctant to go ahead on their own and the federal government, while promising financial support, was reluctant to become involved in the game.

When Regan was defeated in 1978, there was hope that Conservative Premier John Buchanan would prove more tractable but, in public at least, he has found it impossible to abandon the position taken by his predecessor. Meanwhile, the estimated cost of building and equipping the new college has risen to \$20 million from \$15 million and the jet shortage has grown ever more acute. Already Canada has to recruit vets abroad and restrictions may be changed to allow still more into the country.

When he returned to Charlottetown from Amherst, Macleod said the other three provinces are now considering going ahead without Nova Scotia, despite the increased cost that will mean. Privately, sources in Charlottetown say Buchanan would be willing to drop his opposition if he were assured that Regan, now federal labour minister, would settle the issue against him in the next provincial election. (Buchanan says that "monetary" threat the previous year) is the threat that Ottawa may take into its possession their fleet and award the new college to B.C. As things stand, Puky and Ross will just have to eat an apple every day.

—ROSEMARY WELLS

British Columbia

Abductions for the seraglio

Skins, the captivating, captive killer whale, had drawn millions to the Vancouver Public Aquarium during her 13 years of daily performances, but her death from a fungal infection in early October was an unusually somber. Her male partner, Hysk, appeared to be strangely pleased at the passing of the pinky star of the whale show. Nearly two months later, however, Klaus Michaelis, reporter for the *Vancouver Sun*, learned "a bit relieved... kind of happy." This week, the sleek black and white Orca was six metres long and weighing almost four tons, was to receive what could be an welcome Christmas present: two young female killer whales were being driven from Iceland to share a pool just five miles away at the *Hvalur*. If Hysk was angry, he wasn't the only one with grudges. Last week, the Greenpeace Foundation



Myak at play. Killer abductions planned: Hawaiian (below left); Moore disagreement



Moore to the Supreme Court of B.C. in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the whale's importation.

The aquarist won't name the price paid for the two whales (except to say it was less than the reported \$500,000 each), and of week's end was referring to "approximately exactly how or when 'the very young, healthy, vivacious little animals'" would arrive—along with another two that will stop over in Vancouver on their way to Japan. "We feel that any publicity given to the arrival might create a problem with opposing groups," aquarist spokesman Ray Lord explained.

Until now, the ecological warriors of Greenpeace had maintained a truce with the aquarists. They recognized that the whale show helped raise the public's consciousness about these intelligent creatures and realized that the domineering B.C.s and Hysk might have suffered if returned to the wild. Late last month, a mutual agreement arranged a meeting between Greenpeace President, Patrick Moore, and aquarium Director, Murray Newman. On hand was a private lawyer in Kerrisdale. Moore, an ecologist, reacted strongly when Newman, a biologist, announced his intent to buy Myak after



whales caught by fishermen in Ireland. (Four years ago, Greenpeace had pressured both the B.C. and Washington state governments into banning the capture of whales off the west coast.)

Moore contended that Ireland has a slender record in caring for captive whales—but year prior three suffered severe frostbite and died of pneumonia in a wind-swept holding pond on the botanical estate. And he pointed out that of 50 killer whales caught off the west coast of North America, for aquaria and circuses between 1961 and 1975, 26 had died and by 1977 only 17 were still alive. Newman defended the aquarist's respected research and educational role, which even Patrick Moore acknowledges, and argued that Hysk should have a companion.

Greenpeace went public with its protest. "The conditions under which the whales are kept are used by modern marketing standards," Moore said, noting that the self-supporting aquarist association to keep the public work to ensure a continuing cash flow through the winter. Last Thursday, Greenpeace asked the provincial Supreme Court for an injunction on the grounds that the B.C. government had no authority to issue a permit to im-

port killer whales. The court ruled that Greenpeace had no authority to seek an injunction because the opposing group had not been personally inconvenienced.

The popular aquarist was a tough argument. As Moore admits, "The board of governors is like a little Who's Who of Vancouver society," a mix of the seriously prominent and intentionally overpromised—who didn't bark the publicity-conscious director.

One governor—Michael Waldschmidt, senior scientist with the federal fisheries and oceans office in West Vancouver—believes the present aquarium pool will be too small for three whales (and a plan to enlarge it by as much as 50 per cent has no firm target date). Waldschmidt also believes that captive killer whales should have stimulating surroundings which approximate their natural environment. "But I don't think you can possibly do this in a confined area in a whale pool."

Earlier this month, the aquarist played host to Richard Ellis, an American delegate to the International Whaling Commission and author of *The Book of Whales*, in which he writes: "The secret of cetaceans not readily reared, and we approach them skeptically if they were created to be captured and trained for our amusement. This attitude is to me analogous as the one holding that whales were put on earth to provide us with oil, food, margarine and lard."

—PAUL GREENBOURNE

A parable of bombs and fishes

Sometimes back in 1949 the Canadian Army dumped a load of shrapnel but live ammunition into the St. Lawrence River near the tiny fishing village of Grandes-Bergeronnes. Now, 31 years later, the history is raising through newspaper advertisements its first warning to fishermen that their nets might drag up some of the bombs and artillery shells which contain high explosives and present a risk to life and limb.

There would have been no danger posed—ever since, Musique learned last week, except that one fisherman did set a bomb while trawling in 205 metres of water in mid-ocean, 300 km downstream from Quebec City. Thinking it a nice souvenir, he brought it home and, the year afterwards, it exploded. In 1967, a 19-year-old fisherman and his son reported his catch to police. A 400-kilogram bomb dispatched from Canadian Forces Base Bagotville blew up the old boat and an investigation began. There was an round of dredged armaments at defence department headquarters

Regina

New flames in the oil patch

Against the sight of oil rigs packing up and leaving for the U.S., energy ministers from the three western provinces headed to Regina last week and—not surprisingly—emerged to state their unequivocal resolution to the eastward energy program. The rhetoric took on new intensity as a communiqué finally drafted after the private free-hair

B.C.'s McCollend, Sask.'s Cowley and Alberta's Leloir watch the rigs go by



BRUCE COOPERSON/SASKAGEN

There were no recollections of other unrecorded ammunition dumpings, but wartime explosions are occasionally discovered in unexploded and unexploded planes. A 2,000-lb bomb was found by a diver in Lake Champlain in 1973, apparently inadvertently dropped by a U.S. plane. No one knows where and how much unexploded ammunition lies in Canadian waters, though future hydrographic maps will at least warn of the newly discovered hazard off Grandes-Bergeronnes.

—DAVID THOMAS



Trotman was. Outraged by Trudeau's omission in the House that there was no evidence of oil rigs handling much, McClelland immediately invited the PM to visit Port St. John, B.C., "and see the trail of that before the trucks and rigs leave town."

Although the only substance to come out of the all-night session will be a meeting of all provincial energy ministers, there was the added desire of Saskatchewan again suggesting that it may meet the federal government in court if Ottawa applies its new domestic oil and gas tax to Saskatchewan's Crown corporations. Premier Allan Blakeney says the province might withhold the eight-per-cent tax and the 26-cent per-tonne cubic feet levy on natural gas. "It looks like at this point that we simply might not pay the tax and they can come and get it," Blakeney warned the day before the energy ministers announced their collective defiance for the new energy deal. The other option is to pay the tax under protest and take Ottawa to court on the basis that it is an unconstitutional federal tax on provincial Crown corporations.

The impact of the federal energy plan strikes a chord in B.C., argued the minister. Letting go of the three thousand or so of the 15,000 in the aging Western Canada drilling fleet have either stopped working or have moved out of the country and claimed 72,000 jobs will be lost directly in the industry and 30,000 more across the country. In Saskatchewan, where there is a normal drop in drilling during the winter, the decline, so far, has been less acute. With 50 rigs digging during peak months, Mineral Resources Deputy Minister Burk Marcour predicts those that leave this winter "simply won't be back in the spring." The B.C. picture is equally bleak, with a 60-per-cent reduction in the number of land parcels on which the industry will be led in upcoming oil and gas rights sales.

The ministers were also buffeted by Ottawa's knowledge of oil revenues under the new arrangement and suggested the public had been deliberately misled. They argue that the federal share of oil is closer to 21 per cent than the 24 per cent forecast by Ottawa. Also, the provinces get only 28 per cent, not the 48 per cent provided in the Oct. 26 budget, says McClelland. "If the figures are to be believed, then it's a hell of a big rip-off." However, Ottawa is not likely to say pronouncedly. In oil prices closer to world levels and less federal tax extraction to keep the industry profitable. A report released in Ottawa the very day the ministers met showed petroleum industry after-tax profits increased by 54 per cent in the first half of 1980.

—DALE E. HALL

Ontario

The 'flying bank robber' died hard

IT was on a cold December evening just over a year ago that bush pilot Ken Leishman, 65, forced his twin-engine Piper Aztec down the runway at Sandy Lake, in the northwestern Ontario wilderness. He reached his date of departure at 5:05 p.m. and made a planned comment to a bystander that he expected to be in Thunder Bay by 6:45. On board were two Indians: Eva Harper, who had suffered a fractured hip, a snowshoeing accident, and Jackie Meekin, who had come along to tend her during the 800-km journey to hospital. It wasn't until shortly after 7 p.m. that Leishman contacted the Thunder Bay control tower. Then the Piper Aztec disappeared from the radar screen.

Despite the combined efforts of the armed forces search and rescue team, a government volunteer group, family and friends, the track of the plane was lost until early last June. The crew, just 90 miles from its destination, had split the Piper Aztec in two and wild animals had devoured most of the human remains, so it was almost impossible to make positive identification. That is why it required a coroner's jury, assembled in Thunder Bay last week, to declare that the three persons who had boarded the plane at Sandy Lake were legally dead, settling any doubt in most minds about the fate of the two passengers. If there were any lingering, pes-

Ken Leishman and the wreckage of his aircraft. **LEFT** left for credit cards



sible romance, doubts about the final end of bush pilot Ken Leishman, it was because he was better known as "the flying bank robber" and the gold-heist mastermind who escaped justice—and almost got away with \$400,000 in bullion 34 years ago. A legend like Leishman's dies hard.

It was back in the 1950s that Winnipeg businessman Ken Leishman—in need, he said, of financing for a tourist resort he planned to build in Northern Ontario—tried to fly to Toronto by Air Canada to get it by robbing banks. Finally apprehended, he served a four-year term but, shortly after his release, he organized the famous 1968 gold heist from an Air Canada hangar at Winnipeg International Airport. He might have got away with the \$400,000 except for a slip-up by one of his accomplices—and then, while awaiting sentence, he escaped and flew himself out of the country in a stolen plane, a skill he had long-ago acquired while a bank robber.

Recapitulated in Indiana, Leishman

served eight years for the billion job and then moved his wife, Eva, and four of his seven children to southwestern Ontario, where he made a fresh start with considerable success. Choosing, ironically, to settle in Red Lake, one of whose miners had purchased the gold he had stolen, he began working as a bush pilot and became so liked and respected that he was made president of the Chamber of Commerce and was almost

invited to settle in Red Lake, one of whose miners had purchased the gold he had stolen, he began working as a bush pilot and became so liked and respected that he was made president of the Chamber of Commerce and was almost

selected next. But when he disappeared without a trace during the snowy flight, people inevitably began to talk—partly because they couldn't believe this living legend would die, but perhaps also because they wanted to believe Leishman had gotten away with another daring bit. Some said he had never crossed the border to the United States to pick up \$2 million in gold before he had stolen away. Others said he had escaped but escaped injury and was now living the life of Leishman in California.

But the wreckage didn't stop the rumors, as the coroner's report ordered. The best that forensic pathologist Dr. John McMillan Smith of Toronto could say was that the thigh bones found were those of a man, while bits of jambone identified Jackie Meekin and Eva Harper. Scattered around the crash scene were credit cards, a birth certificate and driver's license, all in the name of Leishman, as well as parts of his Shetland bags and lots of his pants. And the pilot's son Wade, 25, who had originally thought the one-day report said there was no doubt in his mind that his father was dead. There was nothing to be gained by faking anything, he says, he said, and since all the gold had been recovered by authorities.

Or nearly all of it—and here was a hot emerging footnote to the Leishman legend. His father had told him, said Wade, that six pounds of the stolen gold bullion lies buried somewhere beneath a runway at Vancouver International Airport. Even that much could be worth about \$50,000 at today's prices, if anybody wanted to pursue the lead of Ken Leishman a little further.

—ROBERT WOLSTENHOLME

A sonata for organ and cash

THE search for a new artistic director for Stratford's Shakespeare Festival has come to an end with the appointment of Canadian musical director James Gurney, 36, who succeeds Peter Sellars, 30, who has accepted a post at the Royal College of Canadians in Toronto. Sellars was the first artistic director of the festival, which has become one of the most successful in North America. Gurney, who has been with the festival since 1978, succeeds Sellars in a year when the festival's financial situation is uncertain. The festival's budget for 1981 is \$1.2 million, down from \$1.5 million in 1980. The festival's financial difficulties are due to a combination of factors, including a decline in ticket sales and a decrease in donations from foundations and corporations. The festival's board of directors has decided to cut costs by reducing the size of the production staff and by eliminating some of the festival's programs, such as the youth theater and the educational outreach program.

In the past year, five major church organists have gone to non-Canadian posts: most of them British, and a sixth may follow soon. Indeed, for a Canadian to be hired by any of the big-league churches is the exception rather than the rule, and NOCO (founded in 1969) has, until recently, done more to promote the tradition than change it. But in the fall of 1979, the NOCO established a committee on professional status, led by



Wade Leishman **SEE** **Flying Bank Robber**



Eileen McCaig **SEE** **Organist on the Hill**

NOCO organist Eileen McCaig, which set out to look at salaries and working conditions for church organists and would be beaten a nationalist drum. It found the salaries demanded many organists work 20 to 35 hours a week for less than \$5,000 a year, the average salary about \$7,000. But what outraged McCaig and his committee was the discovery that the plain jobs, those few paying between \$12,000 and \$14,000, never seem to go to Canadians.

Church establishments in Edmonton, Ottawa, Toronto and St. Catharines, Ont., have recently hired British or American organists without, in the committee's view, conducting a proper search for Canadians. In Waterloo, a committee at Grace Church on-the-Hill failed in their initial bid to secure landed immigrants status for British organist Ian Butler, 25, because Canada manpower declared there were Canadians available for the job. So Butler simply did an end-run by applying through Canada House in London and, last September, fresh from the permission of the Canadian ambassador to St. Paul's Cathedral, he arrived in Toronto to take up one of the best-paid church organist jobs in Canada (\$12,000 a year).

Predicted by the apostle with which the article begins, each country, McCaig concluded the unpredictable mix of going public last month, writing letters to newspapers and giving an interview on CBC-TV, criticizing the appointments and the old guard within the ranks, many of whom are British and enjoy a comfortable relationship with the churchmen, rare in which McCaig was summoned to Toronto to face disciplinary measures from the NOCO executive. After a few-hour meeting, he was forbidden to speak further to the press and last week was informing all odds to NOCO President Gerald Sales, composer

and music professor at the University of Ottawa. "The church supports Canadians," Sales says. "But we are not a union and we can't afford the churches. They pay the salaries. If the law is being abused, then immigration should do something."

Meanwhile, in Brookville, Ont., St. Peter's Church authorities are hoping to hire Andrew Warden-Stewart, 36, of Hereford, Shropshire, England. The job, widely advertised in Britain, pays about \$7,000—a salary that, according to Sales, is at least twice the equivalent in England. Warden-Stewart, whose application for landed-immigrant status was denied to be because too trouble late last summer, has recently moved to see and apply through Canada House. As Grace Church on-the-Hill presented a lot of paperwork never makes it across the ocean.

—RICHARD GRAY

René rides the waves

Quebec's premier receives 'the welcome of a head of state'



Lévesque at welcoming ceremony with Chirac (far left); granted by Bégin; be-mouvement of a consular consulate showcase

By Marc McDonald

Beneath the gilt frescoes of the grand amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the string orchestra of the Republic Guard gaily struck up Télesmaire's *Dans Quatre saisons*. As French Prime Minister Raymond Barre took his front-row seat, ahead of a smattering of "immortals" from the Académie des Beaux-Arts, a septuagenarian in three-piece suit, striped frock coats and cords, the queen of *l'Opéra*'s organisational acrobatics paraded onto the stage in a bliss of smiles and gold robes. In case anyone missed the point, the program announced that this was a "salute ceremony".

Indeed, the only one in danger of not taking it seriously enough seemed to be the guest of honor himself, René Lévesque, the low-slung dragon who was being rewarded for his role as the bad boy of Canadian Confederation with the most prestigious honorary doctorate France could offer. As Professor Jean Beaulieu launched into a eloquent description of how journalism had forced him to give up a "probably brilliant university career", Lévesque broke into the bemused chuckle of a connoisseur who, perhaps more than anyone else, appreciated the scope of the spectacle in which he had

been handed the starring role.

As his visit unfolded last week, however, it became apparent that Lévesque wasn't the only one playing his part in the hit. The French seemed to go out of their way to present the man who had just lost a referendum and may lose next year's provincial election at anything but a loss. As the *Le Figaro* provocatively observed, he received the "welcome of a head of state".

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was there, flanked by a dozen or so other VIPs, many of whom carried full diplomatic weight, before throwing an Elizabethan luncheon that served up seven cold meat sandwiches along with mafte-stuffed chicken and Château Clos-Bentzoni 1973. Not to be outdone, Giscard's political rival, François Mitterrand, also made a rare visit. And Giscard's leader Jacques Chirac, surrounded up pomp and a pre-Christmas traffic jam, alighted at a spruced-up square Place du Québec opposite St. Germain's legendary Café des Deux Magots.

Still, the dramatic feature of the paddoxion was supplied not so much by the usual plot as by the backdrop: Canadian officials, who watched on the fringes for diplomatic interpretations, served as a kind of silent Greek chorus, remaining outsiders that stuck to a spot earlier this month: Franco-Canadian relations were close.

This was the first indecent step in what has been an impeccably correct rite of passage between Ottawa and Paris over since Charles de Gaulle's historic visit on the steps of Montreal's Hotel

de Ville in 1970. Indeed, throughout Lévesque's whirl, the French gave the impression that, while they were being careful not to tread on Canada's toes, they didn't mind delivering an occasional nudge in the ribs. All the better, a foreign affairs spokesman went out of his way to point out just how much trouble had been gone to for Lévesque. "These ceremonies usually take place in a smaller room," he said. "It's very, very rare that we open the grand amphitheatre." The official also pointedly noted the choice of flowers—white lilies and white roses resulting Quebec's blue-and-white flag.

The whole trip seemed at times to have become a propaganda war—the Canadian embassy was no slow in pointing out that it was a very toned-down affair compared to Lévesque's controversial visit three years ago. The Quebec delegation was the other taking. "How often do they do an honour for a visiting head of state?" Chirac, for his part, retorted against Trudeau's diabolical constitutional plots against Quebec and insisted that Quebec and France were one great happy family.

Things weren't entirely easy, however, as fossils. The sudden death of French Defense Minister Josée le Thébaud



Jacques Robert presents Lévesque with honorary doctorate (above); below: the premier sits at the Kyoto Peaceful concert of a silent choral ensemble of embassy officials



in Kyoto, Japan, during a state visit.

forced cancellation of festivities in the Luise valley town of St. Hilaire, from where the first Lévesque sat out to Nantes, France. Another blow came in a five TV news interview when Brigitte Bardot protested Quebec's role in the seal hunt. What the French did to their guest to extract fat grams, asserted Lévesque, was "extremely more barbarous."

Indeed, amid the discord the one true note seemed to have been struck by a 20-year-old political science student named Richard Groulx from St. Laurent, Que. Groulx wrote in Place du Québec with two flags—a small Quebec flag-de-lis and a huge Canadian maple leaf. "I'm Québécois," he said. "But maybe this is just a reminder to some people here who might tend to forget that Quebec is still part of Canada."



Indonesia

The rocky road to Bali

Outside the high stone and barbed-wire walls, Indonesian soldiers loitered alongside the armoured personnel carriers tracking down protesters and watching snarling dogs catalogue the dead flags.

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in Cannes, a five-star resort at Kuta Beach, Bali, the temperatures last week were even hotter, as more than 130 degrees—including a sunbath each from warning Iran and Iraq—assumed for the 56th once-a-year conference. Iraq, whose oil minister, Mohammad Javad Tardmanji, is being held by Iraq, threatened to quit the last minute.

On top of the sole crude oil price spread among OPEC's 13-member nations, further dissension could have proved fatal to the 20-year-old organisation. Yet late Sunday afternoon, the ailing head of the Iranian delegation, Deputy Oil Minister Hosseini Zadeh, boasting that he had arrived armed only with oil chips and trust in God, joined the others to sweat out the new generation's first big project: third-world participation in the world's wind farms of crude. By the time the second day brought the conference to a finish, a sharp drop and price increases averaging nine per cent had been confirmed, the Balinese oil minister seized upon this as an enactment of the two-dimensional shadow-puppet theatre for which the Indoneseans indeed are famous.

Brix, particularly, could not resist the drama. On the first day, it snapped a half-metre-high blowup photo of its absent minister at the main conference table. On day two, at a press conference, Brix waved glasses of the horrors of war at snarling photographers. "The bodies of schoolboys," he shouted. "Our natives fighting in the ruins of our villages."

As Brix's supporters are nearer than chump off these days, it was the impact of the new prices that raised emotion. However, Saudi Arabia's market crude price has risen by only \$2 a barrel to \$32. But most members are expected to post gains of \$3. Moreover, the conference did not make an production increase—lower than they used to be and in

Iranian delegates with photo of Oil Minister Tomi Sugiharto like a puppet master





Khamenei (above) and security checks as exotic euphemism of pan-Islamic pogrom mania

he to start hurting next summer when oil consumers have done what they do best to avoid it. Part of that means, just down stocks, nor did it prevent producers from raising prices—up 10 per cent for sales, and by another 10 per cent for sales of \$41 for high-grade Admire crude. That represents a cumulative increase of almost 200 per cent in over-all OPEC prices within the past two years.

The Third World—hungry for energy and petroleum-based fertilizers—feels it has had to digest some of

"sovereign declaration" issued at its Algiers summit in 1973, OPEC has been trumpeting its efforts at their behalf. It points to the 1.18 per cent of member countries' GNP that goes to oil and, rather regrettably, compares that figure to the 2.85-per-cent average contributed to Third World aid by the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development's 102-member nations, including Canada.

Prior to Bush, OPEC made additional efforts. Journalists were flown in from Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, India, Thailand, South Korea, the Philippines and Malaysia for the pre-conference

workshop in Jakarta. Sealed an agreement Jurnal Ali of Malaysia's national news agency, Bernama. "These workshops corrected the ugly image of OPEC painted by the Western press." In Bali, OPEC also resolved its promise to create an institute for higher education in science and technology for the developing countries. Western reticence to these efforts is generally cynical. Most OPEC members have yet to fill their pledges. Moreover, the West's suggestion comes different proportions to the extent of the \$100 billion by which consumer nations will staff OPEC peaked in 1981.

The posturing and public displays of solidarity on the Bush stage will affect Canada chiefly in terms of the additional \$1 billion a day by which the new price will swell the country's energy import bill. The bulk will flow to Saudi Arabia and to Venezuela, which contribute 180,000 barrels a day of \$30 crude to Canada's energy thirst. Canadian consumers will continue to be hurt, however, by federal subsidies.

As the definition depicted from Persian Cuttings to the world's consciousness of Iranian guerrillas going mad, they were seafarers. The \$50 price for market crude was a victory for the moderates, led by Saudi Arabian Oil Minister

enough of white dust above the palm trees, and the screams of a dying Iranian soldier filled the air. As the body was rapidly removed, wrapped in a grey blanket, soldiers in nearby trenches stood up and addressed themselves once again to God.

Another reason for the high morale is that the difference that existed between the Revolutionary Guards, who's a law unto themselves, and the regular troops has been erased. Moreover, the hogs up that separated officers from men during the shah's regime no longer exists. "Now our commanders are among us," said a sergeant. "They shake our hands and kiss our faces."

Indeed, the Iranian display of flexibility in battle that makes the numerically superior and more heavily armed Iraqis seem pathetic by comparison. On the Iraqi front line, which extends from Kermanshah in the north to Abadan in the south, vast quantities of tanks, armoured personnel carriers and track-launched anti-palm tree incinerators last week, their crews killing only tame. They may have to make a move now, however. Winter finds well-timed the occupied foothills of Khamseh into quagmires. The volume of the besieged, too, would give the Iraqians a MIP the shipment of American spare military parts valued at \$600 million and ordered before the 1979 revolution. That might be just enough to tip the scales.

—IAN MATTHEW



An Iranian soldier prays in a flexibility that makes the Iraqi seem pathetic

meetings, during the night when the shelling is heaviest, and when small things go right, as when someone managed to fix the electricity in a local hotel. They also chat in the presence of death. Last week Iraqi mortar fire drove guerrilla fighters and soldiers alike into holes half-full of foul-smelling water. Lurking down in them the shells caused

Iranian Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani (though he was forecasting a price of \$31 a barrel in the spring of the Iran-Iraq fighting continues). But the spread from what is known to what was greater than Vanya's father, who, it is wished—Luban's Abdallah—Mohammed and Zamir refused to commit himself freely to the \$40 maximum and drove off, muttering threateningly about "market forces"—as the banks could place a victory too.

In fact, OPEC's ability to agree on an effective price structure is still in question. The same results could probably have been achieved by producers staying home and setting prices individually. The Bush meeting took place because there was an audience. It proved that in spite of war and interval discussion the OPEC play must go on, and it did.

—VAL ROSE

Poland

'Better Kania than Vanya'

In the holiday crush in Poland this week, thoughts will be riveted on the nation's bad production record. The Poles have produced more than may be called "Chernobyls" for more than a decade. To make sure it's not also this year, the government announced last week that the worst and better companies that were to be named nationally from Feb. 1 to effect staggering shortages would appear more than a month ahead of time in the Polish capital and in Gdańsk, cradle of the workers' rebellion that turned Poland top-heavy in August. In all likelihood the arrangement will be extended this week.

At first glance, food rationing may

Polish workers before three big crosses



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Allah's men in Abadan

Things were looking up for Iran on two fronts last week. Not only did the 14-month-old hostage crisis seem closer to a resolution—Pressure Mohammed Ali Rajai predicted the Americans' early release if their government guaranteed the "returning of Iranian assets—but Iran's prospects in the war with Iraq were much improved. Although the form of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein now have a stranglehold on Iranian oil, they cannot help the defenders of Abadan. Morale remains high in the oil city, despite round-the-clock shelling from three sides. The Iranian dug in there, inspired by Islamic zeal, seem prepared to sacrifice to a man.

Abadan's defenders are a motley of effective force. While soldiers were the frontline position, revolutionaries Guards, dressed in their "uniforms"—black headwraps, like the pious and martyrs—much more at stand-offish positions on street corners and narrow, wet, nightily guerrilla attacks on the Iraqi positions. There is a distinct whiff of religious revolution in the air. The most abiding impression is not so much the din of shells as the full-blooded chants of "Allah a'akbar" (God is greatest) by the defenders at their frequent prayer

were a minor misery when laid against the catastrophic labor and political upheavals and the menace of Soviet intervention for nearly as many years. But since, it is that rationing may bring only microbial cheer. It will probably prevent hoarding, stop the rich from snapping up the choicer goods and help to turn the crowds laying siege to the stores. But since it can hardly be expected to turn out the leaders in the distribution system, Polish families may not get even the full amount to which they're entitled.

Both a failure could spark the next challenge to Communist party chief Stanislaw Kania, who has already had to defend his fragile thesis against union and Kremlin intimidation. In Gdansk last week, local Communist leader Tadeusz Pustak took foreign journalists aside after a giant ceremony in the Baltic port—it marked the 10th anniversary of the massacre of 48 workers by Polish security forces—to describe the party's coming battle to save the food dilemma as "an uphill and crucial task."

Indeed, there is already speculation that if Kania fails he will be replaced by a hard-line faction in the Polish leadership under Stefan Glebocki—the ambitious and controversial 48-year-old economist who is known to enjoy Moscow's favor at the Kremlin's May congress. Glebocki, passed over for the top job when Edward Gierkiewicz was fired in September, has been staying in the wings with his sidekick, Tadeusz Grabinski, another top economist, for Kania to fitter. So far, he is disappointed there. But his bold, awkward presence has made little impression upon Poles, who prefer their public figures to come in brighter wrapping. His chief appeal is summed up in a current joke: "Before Kania, there was Varga" (the Polish nickname for the Soviets).

The crisis may have begun to recede with last week's Gdansk rally. The nervousness, with its floodlights, wailing ships' sirens, minute of silence, rollcall of the victims and elaborate出裝束 in the snow-flecked dark, was calculated to reach the hardest soul. The speakers—the charismatic Leszek Walesa for Solidarity, party chief Pustak and Francesco Cardinal Macharini of Cenere—thumped away at the need to bury old grudges, show restraint and close ranks in the face of outside danger. The crowd of 800,000, and the millions who caught a truncated version of the event on national television, may have taken the point. However, households with the Solidarnosc banner are already swerving at Walesa for having "too much accommodating" to the authorities and are threatening violent action. The country stands very uncertainly on the threshold of a new year. —PATRICK LEWIS

Guyana

Tin pot tartar'

A little more than two years after the massacre, the ghosts of Jonestownites were walking last week when Forbes Burnham was re-elected to a five-year term as president of Guyana. As a long-delayed count was completed, opposition parties claimed that a preliminary check had revealed that as many as 25 names of victims were included on voters' lists—although they had long been dead. More than that, Patricia Perkins, Guyana expert at the Washington



Guyanese voting: all the dead and all the duplicates cast ballots for the winner

Progress Party (PPP) following the East Indian population.

Certainly it always looked a winner. The PPP founded the country with one page material while in many areas it had had to open a PTT post office. Burnham, in recent months, has been stressing a "new" approach to democracy by holding "Taste the community" meetings. There, however, are the trappings. At least some of Burnham's success is due to the fact that a substantial number of his opponents have emigrated to Canada, the United States or Britain, principally Taste that may indeed be able to meet a fate not uncommon in Latin America. "At least six of Burnham's political opponents have died violently in the last couple of

years," says Patricia Perkins. "This tin-pot dictator, a man in the tradition of Hatch's Papa Doc Duvalier, is quite simply instrumentalizing his dictatorship." Last week, as the ghosts of Jonestown were once more led to rest, that process had been taken a long step further. —WILLIAM LOWTHRE

Ireland

When Irish eyes are frowning

In the end, after 55 days, the hunger strike by seven IRA prisoners seeking political status ended with a whimper. For that, most Irish people abhor the baseline "Thank God" of Tomas Cardinal O'Flahert, Primate of All Ireland, but it was a very odd thing. At worst, the strike was a political tactic, and the drought of Sean McMenamin, 36, who came so near death that his optic nerves had begun to deteriorate. It was the remembrance of McMenamin's death that persuaded his six colleagues to end their fast.

As expected, the hunger strike in Bel-

fasto's Maze Prison turned out to be a test of nerve between the strikers and the British authorities. But whose nerve broke? Britain's secretary of state for Northern Ireland, Humphrey Atkins, had no doubts. The prisoners got the message; that there would be no political status, he told the House of Commons. But supporters of the strike refused to concede defeat. Bernadette Devlin, who now goes under her married name, Mrs. McKinley, but who has lost little of her fire, said the prisoners had won concessions on the issues of clothing and prison work.

Whichever view one took there was relief in Ulster, where tension had been high since the likelihood of death increased. McMenamin's mother, Bridget

McKinley (McFeeley, McCartney (bottom left), McMenamin (bottom right)



O'Neill, who visited him in jail when he was thought to be near death, hung tough, saying "I would rather see him dead than living in this hell for 40 years." But less than eight hours later the strike was over. With cool heads the British waited until the last moment before exploring again in the prisoners' condition available in the prison if they ended their protest. They may have had to submit medical evidence that when the body is wasted morale begins to break.

The surprising aspect was that all the 300 prisoners who have been refusing to obey prison rules, wearing blankets and covering their noses with emmentale were apparently giving up their four-year protest, and preparations were being made to move them to clean cells.

For one, all this sweetening and light raised the possibility that the IRA would think again about its 10-year campaign of violence. But that was only a faint hope. The biggest gain seemed likely to be only that the Mac's notorious H-block would become what it was supposed to be part of a modern and now quite liberal jail. —REINHOLD KOEHN

U.S.A.

An all-fronts economic crisis

All signs point to an imminent recession

By Michael Posner

Felix Rohatyn, a main institutional investor in saving New York City from bankruptcy a few years back and much respected since for the practice of his economic analysis, appears recently on the *Christopher Rose Show* the National. Asked about the state of the American economy, Rohatyn's diagnosis was blunt and unromantic: "I think," he said, "we're in very, very, very bad shape."

One does not have to look far for verification. On virtually every front, the economy has in crisis. Last week, the prime rate jumped to 31.5 per cent—a record high—and several financial experts (including Treasury Secretary-designate Donald Regan) promptly warned that the summit had not been reached. On a sober analysis, the often-assertive Henry Kaufman of Salomon Brothers, even allowed that a 25-percent prime was possible.

Instantly, soaring interest rates—up 50 points in less than six months—are delivering painless blows to major industries and wreaking havoc at stock.

Steadily, soaring interest rates—up

50 points in less than six months—are delivering painless blows to major industries and wreaking havoc at stock. bond and commodity exchanges. Housing starts have leveled off, sales are down. With car sales dropping sharply, Ford, GM and Chrysler all have accumulated plant closures. Most economists confidently predict the start of a new recession early next year.

The credit market has also suffered, based on the dramatic decline in Chrysler Corporation. In 1980, Chrysler will do what no American company in history has done: lose \$1.7 billion in a single fiscal year. In turn, the nation's third largest R&D center, is selling off major operations and the company has ordered production cutbacks. Only savings spending continue, and a big transfusion of money—can save Chrysler now, saving the bank, the corporation staggered toward Washington again last week, requesting an additional \$400 million in federal loan guarantees. To earn eligibility, Chrysler is making concessions worth more than \$1.5 billion from its lenders and employees, including a 20-percent price cut.

In the meantime, US money mar-





Shut-down Chrysler plant in Detroit: the consequences are decidedly sketchy

lets, sensitive barometers of economic health, are decidedly sketchy. The Wall Street explosion that greeted Ronald Reagan's election and drove the Dow Jones industrial average beyond the 1,000 mark has subsided, replaced by a mood of dark uncertainty. In recent weeks, the Dow has plunged precipitously; at week's end it stood at 914. The nation's economists, exchanges have warned, must now countenance Copper, \$14 a pound in February, fell to \$8.50 recently last week before staging a modest recovery. Stock dealers were rewarded across the board, as traders and speculators rushed to invest heavily.

The markets are reeling not only at the high cost of credit, but so also expect inflation and the federal budget. Each increment in the prime rate pushes the U.S. further into the red; the current projected deficit for fiscal year 1981 is \$80 billion. As government spending rises, it aggravates fears that inflation will not be controlled. "The only way out of the trap," writes Reagan adviser Paul Volcker, "is a higher rate of real economic growth," achieved by restructuring incentives and stimulating production.

The Reagan White House is expected to move swiftly to implement such a scheme, perhaps by ditching an economic emergency and whipping through Congress a package of sweeping tax and spending reductions. In theory, lowering marginal tax rates and easing depreciation write-offs will spur new investment, as the economy grows and the government's relentless profligacy is curbed, the budget deficit should decline, in theory.

What if this entire supply-side economics fails? "It had better work," wrote conservative living British in *The Wall Street Journal* last week. "It is the last best hope of democratic capitalism in America." Yet influential forces are arrayed against the supply-

siders. While congressional support for personal tax cuts may be easily won, a consensus for significant budgetary surgery will be harder to obtain. Presently, announcing a national emergency will mobilize public demand for congressional action. "Unless you get at the nitty-gritty causes of inflation," Peter Roskam told the editor, "tax cuts and deregulation are not going to be the answer." The inflationary cycle, Roskam noted, is fuelled by a lack of support programs: policies intended to inflation, social security payments with a built-in cost of living adjustment. It will be an act of immense political determination for Reagan to serve off this entrenched system. Even if the Reagan White House succeeds in dismantling such will, economists believe, it will take at least 12 to 18 months for the first benefits to be felt. Said Treasury-designate Regan: "It's taking us 15 years to get here. We aren't going to eradicate these things in 15 minutes or 15 weeks." □

The general's new clothes

When Alexander Haig returned from Europe in the summer of 1973, ending almost five years as supreme commander of NATO, many Americans expected the four-star general to pen his memoirs. But a friend observed, "I don't think Al is ready to write his book yet. He wants to live a few more chapters first." The captain was preposterous. Next month, assuming confirmation by the Senate, Alexander George Haig, 56, takes on an assignment that is little less than a book unto itself: secretary of state in Ronald Reagan's administration.

The Senate hearings should provide a chapter of splendid material, a contest of will and power between the incoming



Help a distinguished lot of superstars

Republican majority and the vocal Democratic minority. Like other appointments, Haig will struggle to impress the needs of senators in Washington. If they cannot manage to block his appointment, they will try to dislodge it. Already, Democrats on the Senate foreign relations committee, which will hold the confirmation hearings, have hired former chief assistant Watergate counsel Terry Lerner to probe Haig's record.

For Haig's friends—ranging from ultraconservatives such as Senator Jesse Helms to moderates like Henry Kissinger—that record is one of measurable achievement. Respectfully, he has made a career of serving powerful men loyally and well—too well, say his critics. During 26 years in the Army, Haig worked variously for Cyrus Vance, Douglas MacArthur and Robert McNamara. In 1969, decorated for heroism in Vietnam, he signed on as military adviser to Kissinger in the Nixon administration. Later, as the White House chief of staff during the Watergate debacle, he was credited with effectively running the country while Nixon and the presidency disintegrated. And at NATO, Haig ultimately earned high praise from European politicians for a characteristic leadership.

Yet doubts remain. Opponents specifically query Haig's role as Kissinger's point man—soliciting writings and recommendations for the Christians, 1972, leader of North Vietnam. They wonder whether of former Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski's accusations is



Lawyer (top) Jaworski: trying to pin me while helping Nixon frustrate me

the mere invention of a statement describing Haig as "trying to please me while helping Nixon frustrate me," or a later conclusion that Haig never had and deserved credit for persuading Nixon to resign. For some, Haig's mere association with the Nixon era is a crippling handicap, "a somewhat soiled figure," The Washington Post editorialized. For others, the prospect of a military secretary in the state department is the first time George Marshall—frightened with insecurities. They acknowledge Haig's expertise in intelligence, but question his understanding of global strategies.

Haig's appointment will almost certainly produce a substantial changing of the guard at State, particularly on the European and Middle Eastern desks. His status as Soviet interlocutor and military belligerent is higher than State's has been in recent years, and he is more sympathetic to Israel than many of the traditional Analysts in the department are thought to be. American Nato allies, including Canada, may exert continued pressure to meet and perhaps expand their mili-

tary obligations, a pressure unlikely to be welcomed in Bonn or Paris, let alone Ottawa. Indeed, the appointment of Alexander Haig will open new chapters in capitals around the world, and the first instalments should not be long in coming.

—M.P.

The doors of justice slam shut

Robert Doss is a man who knows too many secrets for his own good. That, in effect, was the decision of a federal Appeals Court in Richmond, Va., which last week refused to hear an action brought by him on the grounds that it would be against the national interest. The court's precedent-setting ruling brought to an abrupt (and, from the plaintiff's point of view, unsatisfactory) close a case involving a love triangle, highly classified information, experimental weapons and munitions worth hundreds of thousands of dollars that changed hands with Doss's wife.

Doss is president of a "think tank" in McLean, Va., which did work on defense systems for the U.S. Navy. The work was awarded under contracts controlled by a high-ranking civilian employee of the very named Alan B. Grimes. In the course of business, Grimes got to know Doss's wife and, according to Doss, by Doss's allegy, they started an affair. Eventually, Doss claimed, his wife left him and married Grimes. She also changed jobs—going to work for another think tank that specialized in naval defense systems. Before long, said Doss, his many contracts were canceled or simply not renewed by Grimes. The work went, instead, to the firm he and wife had joined.

Doss went to court, charging that Grimes had maliciously interfered with his right to renew the contracts "for personal reasons." He asked for \$750,000 for their loss and another \$500,000 punishment damages. Grimes, in reply, argued that the contracts were terminated due to financial difficulties. They acknowledged Haig's expertise in intelligence, but question his understanding of global strategies.

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What do you mean I paid too much?



We're just incredibly ligated," says a gleeful **Jessie Berroughs**, describing the eight strictly stereotyped characters who form the cast of *The Chairman of the Board*, a Canadian-made, self-produced "talus of the boardroom"-style TV soap opera to be broadcast next season in *Classmate*. Shakespearean-trained Berroughs plays Professor Hannah Cohen, a Jewish-German humanities specialist who believes "all people should be free, and if they don't want to be we must force them to accept freedom." So far, the 13-week series produced by **Candace and Jim Hoenig** in their mid-20s educational television studio has already provided a lighter look at social norms that cannot prevail in the government states. "I think they thought it was educational because all of the board members sit in their chairs and talk a lot," says Berroughs.



Berroughs: forcing them to be free

Blue Jays President Peter Ravdin, who prognosis a salary budget of \$12 million by 1991, says "The shapeoff from this kind of a deal places itself squarely in the hands of the negotiating teams. All of us agree with every Winfield saying 'Of course, Winfield will be uping' at a rate of about \$1 per second played."

"People like these have a lifestyle that makes it very difficult for them to own houses," says editor Shirley Balmer of The World of Zimburbough readers. But with a miffed but that

Winfield uping at \$1 per second



One is a while a clear perspective of each position comes rushing out of the blueberry. Last week's signing of free-agent outfielder **Steve Winfield**, 36, to a 10-year contract with the New York Yankees was one of those moments for the Toronto Blue Jays. The value of Winfield's contract could be as high as \$25 million, and for the lowly Blue Jays, whose entire budget for all 35 players amounted to just over \$2 million last season, it's a sobering thought.

bosses **Precious** **Caroline**, **Andy Warhol** and **James** **Conway** the monthly magazine is briefly for down-and-outs, but rather the house organ of the Turnberry Isle Yacht and Racquet Club in south Miami. The "total security" \$200-million condominium resort is strictly for those willing to pay dearly to live "in their own, very private world." Or as *World's* masthead reads: "For the fortunate few whose ship has arrived."

There's a great future in freeze-dried **insemination**, says **Markus** **Hauer**, who is revolutionizing his Brandon, Man., business with a three- by one-meter freeze-drying chamber. "Freeze-drying is far superior to traditional methods. Instead of taking the skin and then freezing the animal, you can dry the gonads right off side," says Hauer. After a week to 10 days in the chamber, the specimens are dry, odorless and immune to moisture "as long as you don't drop them in a bathtub." Although Hauer is busy just



Winfield with his record-breaking trophy

keeping up with his game-trophy work, he hopes to launch into the preserved-bait business by spring. "Then we hope to get into laboratory specimens. I can do a snake you'll swear is alive."

She's a name of old-time Hollywood glories roughing it in the sub-zero Canadian winter. **Eva Gabor** dropped in to perform in an episode of a new *ABC* *Law & Order* TV movie, *Tales of the Klondike*, and left her gown at a Toronto studio last week to reveal thermal underwear since the end of her long-running eff

com, **Green Acres**. Gabor has been doing the regional theatre circuit and making TV guest appearances, but looks this Gabor consolation to Ronald Reagan's victory. "Ronnie is marvelously energetic. Carter wasn't that at all, and I love to go to the White House." Her good wishes don't go far enough that she'll grace her old friend's inauguration on Jan. 20. "No darling, I believe in getting paid for personal appearances."

Right from the word, **Paul L. Smith** may have been marked to play Mario to somebody's *Fatigues*. Weighing into the world at 175 pounds, so far,

Smith as Mario the mercenary but not necessarily the big-peach and **Kirkland Hardy** heroine of a jawdropping **Potekski**



South grew to be 320 pounds spread over six feet, four inches, crowded with a 20-inch head resting on a 22-inch neck and balanced at the bottom by size 12 feet. "How can I like this and not want to play Mario?" asks Smith, who first saw himself in the role as a result of a comment by comic *Larry Storch* in 1981. "As I walked into a club on Sunset Strip, Larry looked up and said 'Ladies and gentlemen, you won't believe this but Mario just walked in.' I never had a choice about the part." Large though he may be, Smith's bulk is surpassed in **Robert Altman's** adaptation of the Popeye cartoon strip. For the record, *Mario's* **Peter Erey**, who plays *Guido Colucci*, dispenses 655 pounds over six feet, seven inches.

And she's followed. **Rebecca Potekski** says he's through with the violent and the bizarre and is "anxious for romance." So much so, he returned to **Thomas Harris's** 1986 novel *Ties of Old* DTV-for-hire for his latest film, *Ties*. The film, made in 1978, is dedicated to

his murdered wife, **Sharon Tate** and stars **Polanski's** 17-year-old former girl-friend and sex killer, **Nastassja Kinski**. "We were like brother and sister," says of Kinski, the daughter of *Nostradamus* **Klaus Kinski**. Still, on the lam from a prison sentence for his involvement with a 13-year-old girl in the U.S., Polanski is nonchalant about his vowed return. "I said I would do it and I will. The press would love me to generate my film from jail."

Iremember what you did at *Luau* and Kelly's wedding. You don't deserve to go in any weddings!" came the accusation. "Well," came the retort, "the matador and I." In there anyone here who knows why these two should not be wed? "I'm an honest woman. I say what I think." The outspoken matador was **Bob Merle**, 60, in character as *Phoenix* *Tyler*, star of *alcatraz*. All My Children and "The virtuous woman on daytime TV." Merle, author of *The Confessions of Phoenix Tyler*, was in Toronto recently in *Souperdrome* — a road show of daytime TV stars which opened in shopping malls across the U.S. and Canada, giving soap addicts the golden opportunity to meet their favorite stars in the flesh. "It's great fun to be met. You see, I speak out for a lot of people," says Merle. "When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a missionary or an actress. Now I can be both."

Twenty years ago it would have been the occasion to raise star-struck movie buffs' voices — Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, Kim Novak and Elizabeth Taylor all together plugging a new film. But the *Agatha Christie* thriller *The Mirror Crack'd* was almost forgotten as the stars announced for recent *Avenges* of *case*. A pantsied Hudson lamented the loss of *removals* from *Death* while Curtis, re-applauded in western garb, confided in *Brave* tones that he would like to be a rancher. "I ought to be good at it after all the horse traps in the movies I've made." In his first major production in more than a decade, neophyte Kim Novak, who spends most of her time raising llamas in *Monterey*, Calif., gave away her secrets for keeping a swift figure: "It's closing up after all these babies—all that bending down, bending with your arms and back. It really keeps you in shape." Shape was the only subject about which an overweight and over-jewelled *Lia Taylor* did not have much to say. When asked about the queen size that had made her *pageant* more widely noted than her cleavage, Taylor snapped, "I have nothing to say, not a bloody word."

— EDITED BY TOM MACGRANAGH



Not so gently into that green pasture

By Gary Delson

It was a brisk, wintry second Saturday in December for the 15,750 fans at Toronto's Greenwood Racetrack, yet no one seemed to be shivering. They were preoccupied with what might be their final glimpse of three-year-old Nataress in action. Touted as the king of harness racing, pacer of the century, silent standardbred to ever draw a sulky, the fate of the started horse remained in doubt. The chestnut-colored superstar, winner of pacer's Triple Crown, is now exhibit A in a contentious court battle. Part-owners on one side include breeder Elmer Berger and trainer-driver Chet Galbreath; on the other a syndicate manager Louis Goula Jr. The destiny of the horse may only be resolved by a New Jersey Supreme Court.

Along with the easement harness-racing purists who want Nataress to continue racing next year as a four-year-old are the Ontario-born Berger and Galbreath, who own 80 per cent of the colt. A syndicate of 27 Americans managed by Louis Goula, a New Jersey stockbroker, who secured for the racing management company a \$2-million deal to run the short but illustrious campaign of the pacer on Dec. 28 and put him out to



Nataress looking \$2-million mark
(above) and enjoying it, superhorse

now. Numerous appeals have been made by Berger-Galbreath lawyers Warren Whiting and Frank Coffey, prolonging Nataress' career and voided a 1979 \$1-million dollar alliance agreement with the racing management company. Although legal papers to the New Jersey state supreme Court. To date there has been no

trial but at some point there will have to be," says Coffey.

In the meantime, Nataress may have one more race—an invitation at Pompano Park, Fla., on Dec. 22. There is little Nataress is expected to return to Canada. "People in Lexington, Ky., if Goula and the syndicate get the best of Goula, who estimates Nataress' value at \$20 million, says, "It's just a case of a horse that went up substantially in value, and somebody got an idea into their [Bergen-Galbreath] head."

Harness racing analysts speculate that no matter what happens to Nataress, record 1980's three-year-old Pacer of the Year by the U.S. Trotting Association, will become a legend to print history. "He's probably ahead of his time," says harness racing Hall of Famer Dabbs Miller. Nataress holds seven world records, including a time trial in 1:49.6/5 at the Red Mile in Lexington, Ky., 12 miles in 1:55 or better, 26 victories in 28 lifetime starts. And when the superhorse coasted to a 46-length victory in the \$75,000 Greenwood Invitational, he set another world mark—\$4,300,713 in lifetime earnings. On average, every time Nataress went to post, he came away with more than \$60,000. The only pacer closer to that mark is Rockabilly White, with winnings of \$2,500,000. However, what Rockabilly White has accomplished over the past year, Nataress exceeded in two.

The Bergen-Galbreath team has been reluctantly prepared to sell off their remaining 20-per-cent interest in Nataress. Mrs. Berger received one offer of \$8 million. "A lot of breeders don't think Nataress' career as a racehorse will continue beyond this year," says Greenwood track announcer Karl Lomax. "Nataress has no more to achieve. He's done it all."

Berger and Galbreath speculate, however, that Nataress, misnamed "N," won't reach his real potential until next year. "All the greatest horses have raced as four-year-olds and shown their best tests," says 78-year-old Berger. Pacing greats of the past have retired to a life of idle luxury only after extensive performances; charts have indicated close encounters with their equine rivals Nataress, out of Albatross and Niagara Dream, has never been clearly classified and has never tried to win his three.

It was in 1970 that George Herbert said, "Good horses make short sprints." Herbert could never have predicted the reaction of his equine offspring when, in 1979, he sold his 10-year-old Nataress, left the field of pedigree books. "Nataress, when she does, makes a short sprint." And it would be a pity for one who shares his concern with the other to not charge across the finish line next season and show the world a reign at its peak. □

ty'ewriter (-pri) n. Machine for writing in characters like those used in printing, by pressing keys to actuate steel types that strike paper through inked ribbon; (arch.) typist. [*f. TYPE + WRITER*]

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COLUMN

The dismal science's sunny side

Contradictions beset economists as their credibility takes a beating

By Roderick McQueen

Economists, like errant election pollsters, are getting on their best behaviour to future-watch. The ones who do make some sense may not be getting any more serious, but at least they are becoming more enterprising. One such wit is Abraham Brumer of the University of Toronto. As a man who promotes government intervention in a hands-off conservative world, he can't afford to take himself too seriously. When he predicts next year's number of housing starts, for example, he'll admit cheerfully: "My secret confession is that I began with the TV bulletins and made a marginal change." To Bank of Canada Peter Peters is another could-careless type. He does not expect Canadians to return to work in 1981, but needs his 1980 projections: "Even because you're in trouble, you don't do something stupid." A mere two weeks later, the federal government brought in controls. When Rotarian looks ahead, he will say something pockmarked like: "1980 will be like 1980 only worse."

It's a technique learned from a professor who used to point out that anyone who consistently said that tomorrow's weather will be like today's was likely to be 30 to 30 per cent more accurate than the weatherman.

That wise counsel comes from Milton Friedman, a 1976 Nobel Prize winner for economics and now a little-day saint who is worshipped almost more than warms. Friedman's light-money theories have dominated U.S. economic policy for the five years since wage and price controls adored John Kenneth Galbraith fell out of favour. The conservative views of President-elect Ronald Reagan will ensure a perpetual Milton machine, with Canada running a small cog run from afar. Finance Minister Alan MacEachern, whose Gender budget has made him one of the fathers of Confederation, has hidden a secret inheritance which includes an almost 17.5 per cent position in Douglas Cenac's gleaming Cross

the downward side of Three Mile Island.

The trouble with the 1980s is that the pat answers of the past—massive government spending, tax cuts, money supply targeting—no longer seem to work. Interest rates are at all-time peaks with prime reaching 18.50 per cent last week, yet Canadians will still splash \$3 billion as Christmas gifts. The dollar took a 45-year low of \$8.49 (U.S.) last week yet, despite record exports, trade balance continues to be in



deficit. The total economy will be worth \$300 billion next year, yet Canada will likely stagger through the longest recession since 1944.

More contradictions. After cautious job-creation programs, there will be one million unemployed; after years of tight money, inflation may reach 15 per cent. At present rates of inflation, in the year 2000 a loaf of bread will cost \$8, a jar of instant coffee maybe \$50 and the car of tomorrow will cost the same as the house of today. As Vana, the often drunk and out-of-work star in the musical *Mame*, says when the crash of '39 wiped out everyone else: "Frank God I never get anything right."

Through it all today, the speed of greed increases. On some days, options and futures equity sales on the American Stock Exchange. That makes people want to invest in a vanishing asset rather than the long-term growth of a company. This season's best-selling business book is Douglas Cenac's gleaming Cross

Investing. The U.S., he says, will enter a depression far greater in scope than the 1930s—so later than 1983. It's a date conveniently far off to allow for maximum paperback sales. And the season's most dangerous man must be the St. Bonaventure Elliott Trust Fund, who says that a little common sense and a reordering of priorities will stretch the flood dollar.

The plain fact is that no one knows what to do about the economy in general or inflation in particular, least of all Gertrude Bouey, governor of the Bank of Canada, the House that Frank built. Asked after a meeting of provincial treasurers last week how he and his stand-up policies were received, the grumpy grey man quipped that he'd "left to wimpishness." Maybe they thought he was never that strong.

"Everybody's afraid of something," said the late Frank Graham as he interviewed Clyde Beatty, the lion and tiger trainer. "What are you afraid of?" Herded Beatty: "Don't tell anybody, but I'm afraid of those lions and tigers." These days, economists and policy planners face the same dilemma. They can either focus with a fear of the future they foresee, or they can adopt the what-meworry attitude of Ontario Hydro chief economist David Drinker. Says he: "When we're dealing with a forecast in the future, we're not dealing with precision. We're dealing more in the realm of fantasy and vision." Too much fantasy, apparently, for businesses. A recent Gallup poll found that most chief executives give little weight to the views of economists, saying that forecasts have little value in planning strategy. Adds Prof. Walter Heller, a University of Massachusetts economist and adviser to President John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson: "It has gotten so bad that the Public is telling economists 'piss off.' Just another reminder that anyone who thinks economists are humanists has forgotten that Stephen Leacock was one. It's a good thing that even the best economists don't take themselves too seriously. No one else should either."

Through it all today, the speed of greed increases. On some days, options and futures equity sales on the American Stock Exchange. That makes people want to invest in a vanishing asset rather than the long-term growth of a company. This season's best-selling business book is Douglas Cenac's gleaming Cross



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Canadian Pacific's bid for Hobart may hit snags

By Gillian Mackay

Canadian companies have learned the hard way that making an unfriendly acquisition in the United States can be like walking uninvited into the jungle. Canadian Pacific, Brascan Ltd. and Dominion Bridge Co. Ltd. are well-known firms which, in the past two years, have emerged from the dense tangle of legal tussles and contentious public scrapping with little but embarrassment and staggering legal bills. But despite the dangers, the lure of big game south of the border remains as potent as ever. Early last week, Canadian Pacific Enterprises (CPE) Inc. launched a \$300-million offer for all the common shares of Hobart Corp., the Ohio-based manufacturer of Kitchens-Aid dishwashers and commercial food equipment. Late Friday, the Hobart board advised that the "unfriendly offer," which is 25 per cent above the market value of the shares, was "unacceptable and not in the best interest of shareholders."

It was a replay of an all-too-familiar pattern. In the investment community, it had been well known that the officials of CPE, the investment arm of Canadian Pacific, had been looking out of their matanzas in recent months, scurrying across the United States in search of ways to speed the \$16 billion (U.S.) raised in a stock offering last August. But the choice of Hobart, a manufacturer with sales of \$622.2 million (U.S.) in 1979, was an unexpected step for a company with major strengths in natural resources and transportation. The bid, further proof that the CP investment (sales figure of \$8.15 billion) is bent on diversifying into manufacturing and consumer products following the purchase last July of Maple Leaf Mills Ltd., a major food processing company.

Analysts detect a theme to the acquisitions. For example, Hobart could team its marketing with that of Specialty China Corp., a CPE subsidiary which makes and sells commercial chinaware. And CP itself, with its eight kitchens and hotels (the first U.S. hotel opened in Philadelphia on Oct. 23), has obvious entwines. Taken to the extreme, CP could seize Maple Leaf products on an as-needed basis which could then be cleaned in Hobart dishwashers. These frangas, plus the attraction of Hobart's annual growth rate of 11 per



CPE's Stevenson, Hobart dishwasher, big game hunt of battle, familiar parades

cent over the past five years, make the acquisition attempt appear sound, though not spectacular. Says Peter van Gid, an investment analyst with National Thomson Research Inc.: "I'm not jumping up and down about it now, but there may be more to it than meets the eye. One expects CP management to do their homework."

CP, which was rebuffed two years ago in a bid for Niagara Puffins, a large U.S. manufacturer of recreational boats, is certainly well prepared on legal and financial fronts. It has engaged one of New York's top legal specialists in mergers and acquisitions, Sheldon, Axler, Ashe, McGuire & Flory, the same firm that successfully defended Woolworth against Brancan's unfriendly bid in 1978. The investment firm managing the offer is First Boston Corp., which last month helped Polimex Inc. pull off a friendly merger with Wheats-Pryce Inc. to avoid a hostile takeover attempt by McDermott Inc. With

ample experience in fighting unfriendly takeovers, these firms are in an excellent position to anticipate and counter any defense moves by Hobart.

Such moves have already begun. According to documents filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), David Meeker, president of Hobart, in a phone conversation on Dec. 18 with John Romanus, president of CPE, that manager talks would not be in the shareholders' interests. Two days later, when CPE exercised the bid and technically renounced it by placing large ads in business newspapers, Hobart had the courts put a temporary restraining order on the offer. The grounds were that CPE had contravened an Ohio law requiring a 28-day lag between the announcement and the commencement of an offer. On Thursday, CPE succeeded in getting both the order and the 28-day lag (which contradicts SEC regulations) struck down, pending a hearing next week.

If Thursday's victory is upheld in next week's hearing, CPE can proceed, after an eight-day waiting period, to

buy up shares. Another possible hurdle, however, is that Ohio securities regulators, or Hobart, can demand a separate hearing, which could drag on as late as Feb. 13. As the Hobart board put it, "there will be 'ample time' for shareholders to demand ample time as well for Hobart to launch defensive measures, including a search for a friendly partner. In other words, CPE may only take a few steps into the jungle. Whether or not it comes with its gun will depend to a large extent on how determined that gun is to remain pointed.

The sword and the shield

To hear him tell it, David Alderton is a man more intent against than standing. Indeed, as judge from the choices he has made in an extraordinary lawsuit for \$455 million against two of the biggest banks and one of the biggest law firms in the country, this small Toronto land developer is an uncooperative scuffle. Between them, shares Alderton, the Royal Bank, Bank of Montreal and the Toronto law firm of McMillan, Beach interfered so severely with his \$10-million "friendly" land development business in Toronto and eastern Ontario that he was driven into financial ruin and stripped of his "reputation in the business community."

Home to roost

The thing about Col. Sanders was that he was real. You would never hear him talk like Sonny Crocker, Chiquita Bananas or the Jolly Green Giant. Even Ronald McDonald is only a mascot, at best, someone dressed up. But the Colonel was real flesh and blood. In fact, he believed in a true life. Management, Cert—what's not strong for all?

Locally, at 80, Col. Sanders' positive day. Sanders' legacy, that helped transform the fast-food industry in North America. "People didn't eat Kentucky Fried Chicken, made from the Colonel's secret recipe of 21 herbs and spices, not only paved the way for North America's post-war fast-food phenomenon, but propelled the image of the Colonel himself, along with his signature jingle and down-home homilies, deep into Canadian and U.S. pop culture."

Founded by the Colonel when he was 65, the Kentucky Fried Chicken empire—now numbering more than 6,000 food outlets worldwide—long ago passed out of his direct control. U.S. operations now belong to Hempler U.S., the sibling of Hempler's Inc., the distilling conglomorate. In Canada,

that's another story. The banks are wondering how they're ever going to recoup about \$15 million in loans to this 35-year-old pack-of-all-trades. They are wondering what happened to funds advanced to finance specific projects which remain yet to be developed. They are wondering about properties he wanted to transfer from one corporation to another or into the name of another person. The law firm is wondering how Alderton can claim he received improper legal advice when, in fact, he often acted without any legal assistance.

So tangled and convoluted is the Alderton affair that the parties have finally decided, after nearly a year of frustration, to lay it up, to bury the differences and bring the matter to a close with an out-of-court settlement. What started as a residential damage claim by Alderton—which has had the Toronto banking and legal fraternity buzzing with gossip and speculation for several months—came to an end last week, short of the final signatures on the settlement, as a pale shadow of the crisis it had appeared to bring to light.

Alderinger publicly and readily acknowledged cost being pressurized in a moment, the banks have reluctantly refused to discuss the case ("It's not my job," says a spokesman). But the Royal Bank's lawyer, David Marquay, responsive to questions from *Postmedia News*, claims it is finished, may eventually lay it out, but for now the banks—and Alderton—are complete.

Sanders' Frying chicken: finger-lickin' good jingles and down-home homilies. The Colonel established a separate group of franchises, converting the holding company into a charitable foundation in 1968. All franchises now are privately owned—the largest block, about half, by Col. Sanders' Company and General Foods Laurent—paying a licensing fee to the foundation, which last year doled out about \$1 million in charities. Some \$6 million profits will be deposited into a reserve fund to be used in 600 years. The Colonel's net worth is said to be about \$300 million. That's well beyond projected sales of more than \$600 million by McDonald's Restaurants of Canada, which has surpassed Kentucky Fried Chicken through even more ingenious marketing and because of the North American preference for fast-food over sit-down. But Kentucky Fried continues to hold second place in the Canadian fast-food lineup, in spite of the continuing assault from pizza, submarine and fish cakes. The old colonel won't be here to see the next round of changes. As of last week, the white-haired southern gentleman, waving with his sons from atop a four-story sparrowched chair, became a North American entrepreneurial legend.

—A.W.

man it's believed the banks are prepared to forgive Alderton's bad debts and advance additional mortgage funds—carefully secured this time—provided Alderton drops his suit against the three codefendants. "If we took this approach, it would certainly not be a retreat," says Eric Murray, the general Toronto lawyer acting as solicitor for McMillan, Beach and thought to be the key negotiator in moving all parties toward a settlement. "If the matter proceeds to court, the parties together may be looking at \$200,000 more in legal expenses. Who's going to pay that?" Not Alderton, that's for sure.

What started out as the most talked-about case in the city appears likely to end up as just a statistic in the bank's bad-debt ledger. The Royal Bank, for example, wrote off \$100 million worldwide last year. Alderton's \$800,000-plus sum, though, shows the next year's relevance—though there is evidence that the bank may want to tighten up as well as what appears to be a somewhat sloppy loan procedure, partly responsible for the Alderton affair in the first place. For its part, the Alderton affair generated a genuine alarm of fear—showing what a potentially devastating effect a mere series of negligent claims could have on a particular industry and its insurance underwriting and its insurance coverage.

"There was no single site to blame," confesses one involved banker. Nor was anyone blameless.

—ANTHONY WHITTEMORE



Sanders Frying chicken: finger-lickin' good jingles and down-home homilies

Casting out the navy blues



CAST container of Montreal port: Murdy sees a new golden age... shipping's live.

By David Thomson

Shipping executive Frank Murdy is casting over his scheme to supply a jolt of future shock to his traditions-bound industry. What has risen of a computer-controlled, door-to-door container service needed was a name, a catchy acronym. As Murdy prowled the waterbound streets of Old Montreal, his reverie was shattered by a sly on a patch of ice. From the rumpus Murdy got a broken leg, broken in plaster and the name he was seeking: CAST.

That was 12 years ago, and since then CAST— which stands for Canadian Atlantic Sea Transport—has assumed the mould of cargo shipping and is guiding a new golden age for the ports of the St. Lawrence River. In the midst of a rate war that has killed four North Atlantic shipping lines, and the port of Quebec, CAST has become the largest container carrier by tonnage from 1983 through 1988. Last year, while this month gearing ahead with major expansion in its newly acquired and reshaped facilities as well, Wilshire

vessels under construction in Yugoslavia and South Korea to replace the current fleet, it intends to win even more of the competition. Bigger ships bearing live-grade hoppers full of oil instead of diesel fuel and CAST's research printing system based on the container and unit contents will, Murdy hopes, give CAST the lowest cost per box on the Atlantic.

The northeastern and midwest United States are the territories CAST counts, though it reluctantly intends to restrict North American container operation to Montreal. CAST is securing Montreal to its vision as a major world port—and using U.S. cargo to do it.

Though shippers are all Canadians—Ben Webster of Toronto, ON and Murdy himself, who controls it with 41 percent of its stock—CAST is a thoroughly international group. Incorporated in Bermuda, Wilshire Ltd. and its sister company, Wilshire Lines Ltd., are in Fribourg, Switzerland. And the GATF ship Delphis, like the company's entire fleet, is foreign from the stow's galaxy to the flag at its stern (the sails under British

offices is crewed by Hong Kong Chinese and is registered in London. CAST's seven container vessels and 12 bare-hulled oil-cushion carriers comprise the biggest Canadian-owned merchant fleet in the semi-industrialized home-regulated, unregulated or crewed.

The 52-year-old, Egyptian-born Murdy, who speaks with a refined British accent, immigrated to Canada in 1956 and stayed until 1976, when the tax laws made it more trouble to run a shipping company from landlocked Switzerland. From his Fribourg office, Murdy said he would shift his headquarters home if Canadian tax laws could match those of Bermuda and Switzerland. "Canada should simply say shipping is an international, wide-open business and that the arrangement of shipping rates will set the record. It's the only way it could be done. Does that shock you?"

Such delighted bodies at the established order have marked CAST's rapid climb to sixth place in the North Atlantic container trade. When, in 1986, Murdy disputed the amount of his annual fees to the Montreal Port Employers Association, he argued his point by simply moving CAST's container terminal to Halifax for three months, until a compromise settled matters. The line also transports its independence from the shipping agents or "forwarders," which set standard rates based on commodity formulas of various types of freight. CAST cuts down on its paperwork by having its charges on dashes due-to-day no matter what the load; much cargo is moved the boat can't wait till it's a sizeable consignment in Chicago with no own truck, send it to Montreal by rail, ship it to Antwerp and then, 20 days later, deliver it by road to Frankfurt, Germany, for \$834.50. The advantage to the customer is that port workers handle the container from start to finish, bypassing the agents and red tape typical of conventional shipping. A single invoice covers the entire transaction.

Not content with the \$200-million expansion of its container service, CAST's general shipping division is also on the move. With rising U.S. coal exports causing average waits of five weeks for vessels loading at Hampton Roads, Va., CAST intends to make Quebec City a major coal terminal for lake and sea-going ships. Instantaneously, cast will upgrade an existing coal terminal it purchased early last year. With CSX, it envisions construction of a terminal for air and coal trains whose wheel carry coal directly to the port and to non-coal users. Much of the coal will be carried by Murdy's own ships. Unfortunately, there will be little room available that the fleet in Ontario, enough for its name summarizing a bad ship on a Montreal dock.

LIFESTYLES

The jet set's soaring style

Beneath the confection of golden lives lies the need to work at pleasure



By Barbara Amiel

They have either a year-round tan or an annual hobby, quite often both. They also tend to have money—in the family, in the bank or just in their handbags—shoe—but wouldn't want anyone to think it defines them. "It doesn't buy happiness," says Canada's Anne-Marie Stein, sitting in the Paris apartment she rents from Baron Alain Barthélémy.

It is style that distinguishes them: a self-fulfilling confidence that the world is a friendly playground for them to dress, conquer and explore. They have learned leather-edged journals of entries describing earnings with friendly villagers at Segur or sleep with royalty.

"They were all so warm and giving," says Shélaigh "Savant" sense, of a day. "Everyone I met was so nice." The kind of entry in Stein's diary of 12 trips to Asia: "We had a great time in India, but we were so tired after our long flight that we slept most of the time." She and her husband, Michael, a former investment banker, travel the world, writing newspaper columns with sleek impunity. "If it's six o'clock, I think she's left for the Tyrol," says Toronto Deputy Crown Attorney Stephen Leggett of his wife Catherine. As a group they seem, with few exceptions,

to have escaped the constraints of family, career and money that order the lives of the rest of us.

Perhaps that's why they attract so much attention. They see our families. And they merit more attention because they are at times a barometer of popular cultural values and lifestyle. "It's a common mistake," says author and psychiatrist Andrew Makinson, "to believe that these people called 'jet-setters' or 'trend-setters' are in fact the people setting the trends. Society are them. The trend-setters imitate them. They are simply the needles on the dial, not the cause of the needle moving."

As they have been throughout history, What we know of the values of other periods comes from reading about the trend-setters of their day—polish that century almost exclusively kings, aristocrats and members of the court. They were all so warm and giving," says Shélaigh "Savant" sense, of a day. "Everyone I met was so nice." The kind of entry in Stein's diary of 12 trips to Asia: "We had a great time in India, but we were so tired after our long flight that we slept most of the time." She and her husband, Michael, a former investment banker, travel the world, writing newspaper columns with sleek impunity. "If it's six o'clock, I think she's left for the Tyrol," says Toronto Deputy Crown Attorney Stephen Leggett of his wife Catherine. As a group they seem, with few exceptions,

job that is "fulfilling." Some are so dedicated by the unashamed hedonism of the old-style crowd that they are almost sadomasochistic jet-setters—if that wasn't such a contradiction in terms. "I don't see myself as a jet-setter," says Toronto's Richard G. Moore, a Harvard grad and world traveller. "That's a term for hedonistic play-seekers who abuse local culture as a playground."

It all sounds disarmingly responsible for a 30-year-old bachelor currently making time rather plausibly as the organizer of special interest tours, even as with Stein's osteopathic best, Stein, what such activities reflect is the potency of the currently chic work ethic. "I don't spend time lying around beaches just relaxing," claims 24-year-old Umberto Marzocchi, a Vancouver-based literature whiz who goes to exclusive parties in which happy participants lounge about in balloons and silk robes. "I think the value of lack of leisure is that it's perfect not to do much and not to be burdened with obligations of my jet-set life."

They all work. Today there isn't a jet-setter to be found who doesn't have a

No one in life, not for a moment, even when ballooning over vineyards or wine



during the hills of Sri Lanka. They are absorbing, apprehending, exhilarating. It is simply unforgettable to drift back to social cache. Gloria Vanderbilt tells point: "I'm doing that to pay my heating bill," and Margaret Trudeau when showing a Montreal shopping couple off this month: "And because I find it wonderful to meet people."



Entertainment (left). Gloria (above). Gérard simply fits needs on the diet, not the cause of it moving

looks about 15 years old. I calculated that the best thing to do was to say 'no' to a dinner date and 'no' to lunch."

The romance has lasted three years. "I prefer to give than to receive," says Stein, whose gifts to Khushroo included birthday songs she wrote and recorded in a Paris studio. "He's like an arrow passing through." He's lost year 10s and dreams of a quiet place where he can eat at top-No one could take place like that, who could come after you."

Stein's life has become a glossy magazine existence of parties, fast, diabolical, a 2,500-franc-a-month apart-



ment next door to one of Khushroo's houses and expensive trips to Asia, Marocco or Spain. It even brought him to the polo-arts resort of St. Tropez. In 1978, she was skating in Vail, Col., as a guest of Pierre Elliott Trudeau—an acquaintance renewed late last month at a Paris house of Saudi Arabian entrepreneur Adnan Odeh. "That was a wonderful evening," says Stein, adding thoughtfully, "after dinner we all went swimming."

Like a great bird of paradise, Stein flings herself and bedazzled through the festive social seas of Paris balls and banquets, admired by all. Prism-like conversations of friends, always sensible retinues reveal the strain of being a constant bird of paradise. Possibly it is a response to her restless existence.

She was spotted first by Claude Terrell, the 60ish gentleman who owns the famous *Tour d'Argent*, Paris restaurant. "He was very formal and stately," says Stein, "but he introduced me to everybody—*la French society*." And out of it, she was while Terrell was squiring Stein about that Saudi Arabian embassy and area dealer Adnan Khushroo noticed her. She also took note of him. "He was a sight, surrounded by girls who

wouldn't let him go."

"If anything, ordinary so-



Money is disclosed. If the Canadian jet set is counted by the happiness of being productive members of the international elite, there is also a strong measure of agreement on the applicable rate of money in these lives, together with a lifestyle that demands no ends of it.

It's true that money alone is no entree. To be a millionaire means little in jet-set terms. In Calgary, a city in which money collects its palls, there are few jet-setters. Table-paw bathguards and \$10,000 black acrylic bathguards are not enough. The few Calgarians who may qualify for inclusion from their leisure time on the pursuit of the ideal polo game they feel about the squatness of their stables while boasting in Paris. But the polo players themselves want to downplay the idea that anything more than enthusiasm and balance is required. "Our facilities are very modest," says Bill Daniels, past president of the 30-year-old Calgary Polo Club, as he talks about the prefab buildings and low maintenance costs. He declines to reveal the dues.

The attitude that leads to maximum exclusivity, in part at least, is

The world is a friendly playground for them to climb, conquer and explore

city has caught up with the jet-setters in this one area. The outrageous sexual and marital indiscretions that were always the preserve of the older class of society, from Chezpanne, Barbara Hutton or Bettina and Barbara, are now pretty much the stuff of *French-Classe* or *Burnaby*. Social managing, contract-law arrangements,rimonial encounters and so on, are by no means unknown in middle-class life. The only difference, perhaps, is that jet-setters have the funds to make such things as divorce easier—or more high-profile. In Vancouver, residents watched with amazement this month as wheeler-dealer Nelson Sklansky had his eight-bathroom, eight-bedroom house with swimming pool and guest cottage auctioned off, pass by pass until virtually nothing was left but the flintred bricks and beams picked clean by scavenging buyers. The reason, with No. 2 backlund after a Czech villa in the same location instead of the French provincial home that had formerly belonged to Charles (Chucky) Woodward.

Still, there is some division for this sort of West Coast. "If you've got it, flaunt it," vulgarly among the eastern contingent, "Sklausky! Sklausky!" says Toronto's Vanquist. "I don't believe I know these people. But I don't think ostentation is part of the jet-set life. I remember a lady who came into my interior design shop in Toronto and she looked so down in her shape I was afraid that I thought I'd better avoid the heavy clothes and show her the site ones. Finally, she threw her hands up in the air. 'For God's sake, take what you want. I'm wearing my bird-watching clothes.' Well, you can be either the bird or the watcher."

Spontaneity is almost everything Douglas Leopold's style is Montreal's watchword. He does not dress, he consumes Street clothing may be poppins or a Japanese kimono. Parties are stacked up each evening like plates circling Kennedy airport. Leopold arrives at them late and leaves quickly.

He began as a nice, Westward Jewish boy and landed among the models and prettys until he first heard his society mother whisper "Paris" (Paris is the one constant in every jet-setter's universe). Then years for it, gratitude to it, then her virginity and Canadian accents in it. Leopold, now 27, perfected his Oxford-accented French there and came back to "do" political solutions. He ended up with a higher profile than his chestnut and is now a fixture on *CBC* radio. His talk is spiced with expressive particularities that "look" is tra-



"In" and "non Coo" and his style is to appear even more outrageous than he is, approach difficult and unpredictable. In typical Leopoldian fashion, Alice Margot, "a marvellous and inventif and is outrageously good if he is not watched he could split into extraordinary self-destruct."

For Leopold, the party, the happening, the community is all. Which nearly did self-destruct last June when he went on air at radio station CKOI, unscripted and without referring management, and threw a party, extending an invitation over the airwaves to "tout le troupe" to come over to the studio and join him. The police got him suspended for a week.

Toronto's Catherine Leggett, 32, born in Rio de Janeiro to Canadian parents who were looking after family business (Brazilian Tracor Ltd.), later to become *Brazilair*, grew up riding on a Louis Vuitton steamer trunk. By the time she was back in Canada the world had no borders, just locations. This dauntless attitude to travel is matched

by Leggett's energy, in one month that she travelled from New York three times and paid single visits to Washington, Belgium, Spain, His Party—for her birthday—and Austria. Spontaneity, Leggett-style, sent her off to find the faded blue mass of the Sahara Desert, an amateur ended, only when the jeep carrying the intrepid five-months-pregrant adventurer off a rock Bank in Marrakech, Leggett staggered into the club Marocain in her tattered matador-style poncho to find Douglas Leopold lounging by the pool reading *English Vogue*. Two spontaneous jet-setters had met.

The constant feeling pattern of encounter, however, has its drawbacks. Distrust is not a feature of the social style of the set. Said one observer at Leggett's Christmas ball this year: "I been coming here for three years and I recognize only one other survivor."

Styles vary according to the province

Who's who in the jet set

The birds of paradise who are barometers of popular culture

of origin. Anglo-Canada is more obsessed with appearance and the partition values. No one dares to seem to think an Englishman isn't an important denizen. "If I bring a handbag young girl with me to a party," he claims, "Montreal matrons will come up to me and say, 'what a beautiful body! Do that in Toronto and 400 matrons will stop drinking tea.' In Vancouver, says social commentator Dewey Boyd, "It's more of a rock-and-roll mentality than a jet-set one." B.C. starts so hard to be heavy Champagne is qualified like beer. Viva, Vancouver's newest inn-spectored by Doug Knake, is said to sell more Dom Pérignon than any other place in Canada (the cost a week at \$99 a pop). Please forgive me if that sounds like trumpery. When gambling goes between the high rollers it is more likely over a game of roulette (half \$20,000 wagered on one game between Herb Caen and Nelson Shulman) than chance do for.

But the emperors of the age do creep into jet-set life. Twenty years ago, making the Angus was the style. Today's Canadians are more Shelly, à la Toronto's Scott Griffin or Pierre Trudeau, to shoot white water on the Arctic or to fish, as Richard Meech does, that one must "ride a caribou as an orange whale, and be carried into the bush by three men from 17". Much of Shelly is put on the necessity to "work in pleasure." Toronto's Norman Elder, the extraordinary explorer and author (*This Thing of Darkness*) is probably the only member of Canada's jet set who every other agrees is a member.

Today a jet-setter may pretend to be more ensnared of work and business than they actually are. Catherine Leggett wants it clearly understood that much of her travelling is done for business (she's a director and translator for a large U.S. manufacturer with international business) so that people won't think she's frivolous. Douglas Leopold wants it known that not a penny of the money that supports his lifestyle comes from his family.

But paying extra lip service to nobility, hard work and conservation, whether for her Ramsey, Beyer moral columns in the old Toronto Telegram revealing all about the Dooms of Windsor's domestic servants, Lions for forests (Somerset) and Conservation (Somerset) (and in Somerset (at other times))



Capital pop jets: Crichton (bottom left), Veverka; the jet set' creates images of clubby travellers walking across borders with sleek impunity

Reiff Bonar: part of the international jet set ever since he left Medicine Hat for New York. Award-winning photographer, specialist in turning entire countries into coffee tables. Currently working on Egypt.

John de Brabant: a vice-president of Dior in Montreal. Separated from

Taylor Greenwell: the Canadian soul on ice. Also a painter and collector of angels, carpets and other objets d'art.

Norman Elder: everybody would like to be Norman Elder, author, explorer and former captain of the Canadian equestrian team. Perhaps even the pet snake that lives at his house.



burden down, but continuing to move in interesting circles.

Jean de Brabant: Montreal lawyer in the circle Jeanne internationale.

Doug Caen: inherited \$12 million from the family, after which he started making real money. New owner of the Vancouver Whitecaps and founder of the Vancouver jock set.

Reservoir (Pey) Chickens: remember her Ramsey, Beyer moral columns in the old Toronto Telegram revealing all about the Dooms of Windsor's domestic servants, Lions for forests (Somerset) and Conservation (Somerset) (and in Somerset (at other times))

Leonard Cohen: poet and musical idol of international stature is everything but his height.

Arthur Erickson: to find out all about the award-winning Vancouver architect see *The New Yorker*, June 4, 1979, issue, for 27 consecutive pages.

Valerie Gibbons: very beautiful, a Vancouver writer. Skies by while skiing with Trudeau, then running eternal jet-set status.

David Gilmour: started out by developing Crichton with partner Peter Blencowe, now involved in lucrative real estate ventures with London-based Southern Pacific Properties.

Bernard Gordon: Vancouver restaurateur who has Canada's only Im-Rozetta Patisserie. Not a disease, but a fine Hebrew name.

Scott Gruber: president of Mervin & Ces Mervin Corp., selling imported cars. Likes racing cars. Rescued Round-Trip's Windsor Arms Hotel from grave decline and turned it into the in-it-



cancelling Shaka white waters but doesn't eat them.

Sud Kanter: owner of Viva, the newest Vancouver hotspot. A junior partner.

Gathering Legs: jet-setter by birth. Family founded Brantford Tractor. Friends call her "passport." Immaculately dressed, flawlessly coiffed, God alone knows what would happen to her in a horse race.

People Leopold: Montreal TV and radio personality. Has an illegitimate son with unlimited numbers. Complaints that nobody ever calls him.

Univieve Menghi: has given birth to five restaurants in Vancouver and is expecting another.

George Minden: partner in Minden & Ces Mervin Corp., Inc., selling imported cars. Likes racing cars. Rescued Round-Trip's Windsor Arms Hotel from grave decline and turned it into the in-it-



Trudeau, her current lover, John Johnson, and Leopold (top left); Leopold at home (left); Cohen, the party, the Right, skipping over. Leon Starnard, Trudeau divorce.

Carolyn Winslow: buyer for Holt Renfrew haute couture. She designs lingerie.

Nelson Skafteboe: doesn't mind material possessions. Owes, Kindle, right, a 20-metre yacht, and the odd R.R. Royal. Lives just west of Vancouver. Last year he bought a luxury tour for his third daughter's 20th birthday.

Anne-Marie Stoen: daughter of a Woodbridge, Ont., chemical manufacturer, she started modelling in Toronto, but Paris made her.

Margaret Trudeau: writer.

Pierre Trudeau: used to be married to Margaret.

Stéphane Wemmett: sister of David Gilmore, whom she resembles as a partner of Peter Monk. Owner of Sledge-It, a Toronto fitness centre for those jet-setters who don't care for themselves.

Murray White: Vancouver stockbroker. Likes racing of us, prefers to go first-class. Unlike many of us, he does. The other day he bought a 1964 Rolls Royce Silver Cloud from an Indian prince for \$85,000.

COLUMN

More than food for the hungry

For some people politics have made it all but impossible to help

By Barbara Amital

The cover of the Nov. 16 issue of *The New York Times Magazine* was of six Ugandan children who had been stretched tight over legs too thin to carry even those wasted bodies. One child was crying tears had rolled from his eyes and nose down onto his chest, while his arms, shaken terribly, shrank his body in the self-embrace of anticipative agony. Canadians who would not only give freely but to those disparate people but consider such action a moral imperative face a cruel dilemma. Politics have made it all but impossible to help.

There are two things that can be done about hunger: relieve its symptoms or attack its cause. It is difficult to disagree with relief agencies who conclude that the only long-term hope is a causal approach. The problem comes when one discovers that major public and private relief organizations have identified, either by omission or omission, Marxist-socialism as the road to ending world hunger. OXFAM makes no bones about it. They write in a current appeal: "Oxfam cares poverty not racism, instead of just treating its symptoms." And it is based more on changing the relationship of people and the power structure. Oxfam's special talents are locating the offensive groups and helping them gain real influence. Thus an example: Oxfam uses three Marxist-sounding groups—the Patriotic Front (Mujawid), Fretilin (Mosulique) and Savak (Manabu). Their intermediation and murder of innocent men, women and children by these groups number in the thousands. That concern may have become straightforward. A relief organization agency for Marxist terrorists is a natural of design, not an expression, in those of us who have watched its evolution into a radical group apparently as hungry for power and the exhilarations of "revolution" as its supposed clients are for corn and milk. But concern, at least, relies mainly on voluntary contributions.



Ugandan child: Hunger has no ideology

Taxpayers support Marston in Africa through such government organizations as Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA)—which, perhaps by intention, awards at the same result as Oxfam by giving millions of dollars in aid without tying it to any consideration of the countries' economic or political structures. CIDA's guidelines relate to the existence of oil contracts ("buy Canada" clauses) which are irrelevant to the problems of Africa. The result is that after we give aid to

in civil liberties if at least it alleviates starvation. The trouble is (a) it doesn't, and (b) the same, with far more truth, could have been said for colonialism but by now no one would use that as a defense of white colonial Africa. Likewise is an economic failure Poland is about to explode because of it. The collective farms of the U.S.S.R. produce an average of 5.5 tons of grain per farmer versus 50 tons for his American equivalent. In Africa multiplying socialist systems destroy agricultural self-sufficiency and send peasants fleeing from collective farms, as in Mozambique, or reduce profitable export crops, as with cotton in Ghana, where additional economic measures have stimulated peasant production of varieties and fungible of women traders. Our aid seems useful only to foment bloody tribal and ideological war as, as Dr. Stephen Befekhi, former director of the West African World Food Programme, charged, to the pockets of corrupt officials.

Starvation is not, of course, an invention of socialism. Drought has no ideological component—though the inability to handle it does—and if Marxism were to magically whisk away it would not end starvation in the world. It would, however, make it possible to start thinking about real solutions. In the meantime we should not send donations to such organizations as Oxfam to support more Marxist guerrillas or let our government through CIDA send grain to famine survivors in spending towns. When confronted by hunger under regimes we abhor, we should show some faith in our own organizations and direct our contributions to them. We should not be mesmerized, as the International Monetary Fund (IMF) was this year by Tanzania's Mwinyi who rejected as "ridiculous" the conditions of economic reform tied to his latest \$200-million loan. The IMF retreated.

We should retreat no longer. African children know nothing of geopolitics, only the slow twisting pain of starvation. Their need is the litany paper of our well and morality.

ADVERTISING

For a good promo, call...

Karen, Maranda, Akira, June Vancouver's famous index of the night have you too? There's a message here in cell phone women named Sherry, and when I do just know to what I get.

"Hi," gives a false voice, increasing up the copper wire. "I'm very glad your friend gave you my private number. I'm one of the nicest here. We're all new in town, and interested in the right people coming to see us."

More than 30,000 wayward Vancouverites called up "Sherry" or her male counterparts in telephone initiatives, "Gang," by early December. Only at the very end of the 88-day campaign.

It had all been a come-on for the Ford Motor Company's new Escort automatic, sponsored by Sunray's Eagle Ford dealership.

The unassisted "Dial-A-Ad"



James McLean on the telephone

campaign is the creation of Vancouver's newly formed National Telephone Service. General Manager Brad Fowles, in his job, admits the concept is not original but claims others haven't implemented the "personal" concept of the telephone. "We've built a better 'Hello-A-Joke,'" he boasts. "Now we're just waiting for the world to beat a path to our door."

Judging by the success of the Greg and Sherry campaign, they may not have to wait long. Stan Hulman, general manager of Eagle Ford, says Escort sales have more than doubled since his company started more 40 locations in late October for women to call Greg and men to phone Sherry. Remarkably, word of mouth is the only technique used to spread the number for the costly message around town.

The less-than-subtle seductive induction of Greg and Sherry to Men for peddling potential customers down the path to our oversexed, where the callers are selling as well as a captive audience. "People call when they're relaxed and receptive to hear something," says Fowles. "They initiate the call when they're ready to hear the commercial." As a bonus, the tapes are the hot of the West Coast party scene after the lines are hung up late at night.

Meanwhile, knowing a good gimmick when they hear one, National Telephone has already sold Greg and Sherry to a Winnipeg car dealership, and hopes to open lines in other Canadian and U.S. centers soon. And Eagle Ford, bringing winter spring water pipes that would use a local Nevada brook called Mustang rock as its pipe in a campaign for the Mustang car.

—JOHN MARTIN



My son, the reader.

I just found out my kid has a heart. He joined the MS READ-a-thon, the program that lets our children read their favorite books, and parents, friends — anyone, donate a few cents for every book they read.

Last year the kids raised more than \$2 million to help find a cure for multiple sclerosis, the mysterious crippling of young adults.

Maybe our children can help find a cure for this terrible disease in their lifetime. Find out how your child can participate. Write to the MS READ-a-thon, 130 Bloor Street West, Suite 700, Toronto M5S 1N5 or call (416) 922-5695.

Join the MS READ-a-thon.
Let's all search for the cure.

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY OF CANADA



Some mysterious lessons

From one who transforms education into art and back again

For women artists in Canada, Irene Whiteman of Montreal has become a kind of national heroine—for her art is of such scope she is a model. Why her work is significant is difficult for them to see, being composed of many parts. She is an educator as well as an artist, and they have often heard her talk—the teacher at Concordia University and other lectures elsewhere. They like her obsessive, meticulous use of materials. And her way of thinking: "putting things in their place," the calm at. That there still are things

mysteries of art in such formations through which the inner center of the earth pushes up." The show is something like that. It has at its central core of belief of which various manifestations appear.

But one gets a clue as to Whiteman's work with her fine 1975 series, *The White Museum*, 21 and 22. The two works selected (there are 38 in all) immediately startle and surprise the viewer. They are made of clay-shaped, organ-looking objects tightly bound with string and set in white boxes on the shelf.

The large pieces, of wet and laminated



'Disposable' (above) from 'Temporary' plus Whiteman; and 'The White Museum' (right) which she likes things put in place

canary for her, unlike other contemporary artists who deal primarily with ideas.

In a remarkable commitment to what's good in communication, the Montreal Museum of Free Arts opened its fall season with a big show of Whiteman's recent work, which will travel to the Vancouver Art Gallery in January, the Winnipeg Art Gallery in June and close at the Art Gallery of Hamilton in September. The exhibition promises a good deal in the future for this artist—she's just 36—and for the museum. The four sections of the show, "The White Museum" (and early works), Vancouver, *Paperworks* and *Le soleil de classe*, are of uneven quality. They aren't laid out in chronological order but something of a retrospective results anyway. The disparate parts are united, though. Whiteman once said that she views her work as a geological insight, as "different assoc-

iations" that surround about to burst their bounds. They look like fetishes—but at the same time recall all the museum displays you have ever seen, the role of art in culture and its ideal of preservation and conservation. Whiteman says they're a metaphor for memory, but time isn't really captured in a box. Whatever Whiteman's achievement as an artist, these works are certainly to it.

The other success of the show is her *Paperworks*, many of which were first shown in 1976 at the National Gallery of Canada. The roundish ones, wall poems, have a necessary happy feel from the cushioned effect of the light wooden frames and whine, cream or pastel pastels. Some 17-81 and State 1972-80 work has as formal "parcours." Closer inspection reveals Whiteman's achievement: theory catalogues early held by pen, also history notes, play-

cardboard, are embedded into the room allotted to them. They recall fragments of ancient civilizations, sarcophagi and primitive boats, but their arrangement makes them seem like as many viruses.

Whiteman says her work is like a chess game. "Things have to come before other things so that they can happen." She has specific notions of layered order, form and motion in her development—and it is when the viewer can find the order in the actual objects of her work that Whiteman's art wraps up in meaning as layered as itself. It is in meaning with the role of art in contemporary culture and that fantasia works itself through, almost liberally, in her art with its ebbing of successive settings and palettes. Whiteman is a teacher and perhaps that is why her influence is profound; her work is a textbook of the concerns of art in modern times.

—JIM MURRAY

piano rolls, different kinds of tape. They're all materials with a ready-made personality onto which she has superimposed patterns and systems. Whiteman has keenly sensed the structure of the museum display, its demarcation of specific zones, the overlay of the whole space. This results in a meta-space for the viewer's mind.

The best functioning works are the few are less successful; the things Whiteman loves seem to take over without enough ideas showing to guide the viewer through. *Le soleil de classe* literally transforms education into art. Children's school desks with chalked surfaces and set now on new bases were desks draped with lines and tied with string—a chapter lesson lesson to say the least. And *Vancouver*, an attempt by Whiteman to evoke the city where she was born, went to exceed a failure. The large pieces, of wet and laminated

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Millions of tiny time capsules soon to come due

As the baby boom ages the future looks grim

THE BIG GENERATION

By John Kettle
(McClelland and Stewart, \$16.95)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

By London Y. Jones

(Academy Press, \$20.95)

The fertility of Canadians (measured as births per woman) has declined steadily every year from the first European settlement, Canada in 1605—except for the breeding frenzy of the years 1951 to 1966. In those 15 years, baby-making boomed and a swelling multitude came forth. An average of 450,000 children were born each year, without doubt the annual birthrate for the rest of the century. The excess does not seem all that surprising. But, according to future consultant John Kettle, author of *The Big Generation*, there are 387,200 surviving Canadians who already dominate the Canadian social system. They will never be full-time parents. They will marry less than their parents. Many will opt for a home-based lifestyle. Half of these children will grow up with a single parent. And they will certainly bankrupt the Canadian Pension Plan.

Armed with a keen talent for extrapolation and a clear prose style blessedly free of sociological jargon, Kettle has set out to write a sort of biography of this unexpectedly large generation. At the same time, London Jones, a former education editor at *Time* magazine, has attempted a portrait of the 75 million Americans born between 1946 and 1964. Both authors offer similar analyses of the generations up to the present. They differ in their extrapolations about what the future holds.

Now, historians like Kettle are much given to drawing debt-like sketches of tomorrow which they term "scenarios." It is easy to dismiss these speculations about the future based on statistics from the past because they often square with generalizations which writers like Gough Cuthbertson and others like Hatch, Hirsch and myself have made about ourselves, especially when they pertain to a marriage Durh Vader's son, as does Herman Koch. There is no such singular bubble-bubble in Kettle's book. He is a masterly synthesizer. He



view of the '60s and '70s as experienced by this generation of Canadians in fascinating popular writing.

To imagine what this over-sized generation holds over the Canadian high school system during the '80s, new school buildings sprouted everywhere, like mould as a sort of Toxoplasma. Prospective high school teachers were herded through quickie pedagogical summer courses. The student bodies were consequently badly taught. They then moved on, leaving empty schools behind them. The university was no better. A generation that avoided easy careers found themselves cast adrift as job-seeking devils. PSTD drove down enrollment rates. Government grants to universities trickled in a drizzle. The pre-financial glow edge, formed unbroken, bleated for instant tenure. Over the next few years, Kettle writes, "the academic professor will find 'Some students with teeth' will begin to emerge from the tower. But they will be older people. Young minds will be buried."

Kettle also takes a synoptic gender at-

its nuclear family in afterwards, at drugs, television, schizophrenia, political cynicism and the mounting generational rage at lack of jobs. Then the future arrives. By 2000, economists say, the Canada Pension Fund will catch up with income. "It is not a funded plan," explains Kettle. "That is, the amount you pay and your employer pay in will not cover the amount you expect to get out in retirement.... It was designed on the assumption that the population would go on growing forever, that there would always be more people coming in at the bottom than leaving at the top, and that everyone was going to get richer and richer." These assumptions are false. By the year 2000, says Kettle, the Canada Pension Fund will be bankrupt.

London Jones's Great Expectations: *America and the Baby Boom Generation* is filled with examples, offering analysis of the '50s, '60s and '70s in the United States. The book could well be a test for an introductory course in pop American history. But Jones is not as clear as Kettle about the future. "The task of the baby boom," says Jones, "isn't to make, if not the perfect society, then the perfect person." Seneca club in the middle of Beaufortland, on a cusp perch at *People* magazine, Mr. Jones predicts a happy time to come. That about the bewigged periodicals off? Few sobering extrapolations and assessments.

We'll see more dreams. And Kettle does too—he thinks he's Big Generation will radically alter the face of Canada—indeed, and by other means—by simple extension of all patriotic think and act now.

—BILL CASSELMAN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Planes

- 1 The Governor, MacLeans (3)
- 2 The Key to Rebecca, Faust (3)
- 3 Fingersmith, Kings (3)
- 4 The Ghost of Africa, Stevenson (3)
- 5 Reign of Angels, Shakes (3)
- 6 Justice Thorne and Now, Shakes (3)
- 7 Justice, The, Mazzatorta (3)
- 8 Faust, Jules (3)
- 9 Alabama, MacLean
- 10 The Third Temptation, Temperton

Nation

- 1 The Northern Metals, Gwyn (3)
- 2 Canada, Roger (3)
- 3 The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, McNaught (3)
- 4 Crime Investing, Gwyn (3)
- 5 The Chinese, Fawcett (3)
- 6 The Little Magistrate, Englund (3)
- 7 Lawyer, Shales (3)
- 8 New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Gwin (3)
- 9 In Search of Man Alive, Remond (3)
- 10 Peter the Great, Morris (3)

11 Prairie tour week

All's well that ends well . . . for now

A Canadian is finally en route to Stratford, but theatres still have no guidance on the issues

By Mark Caramaci

If Canadian theatre offered an award for most surprising performance, 1989's hands-down winner would be the Stratford Festival's board of governors. Last week, as grand finale to response to intense pressure from the theatre community, the Canada Council, the Ontario Arts Council and the federal investigations department to hire a Canadian as artistic director, the board ended months of stirrings and speculation by unanimously overruling its earlier appointment of Englishman John Dexter in favor of Canada's most celebrated director, John Hirsch. Although Hirsch had been an obvious choice during the recent search, few believed the board's hitherto unpredictable as it was trying to keep world-renowned understandings of artistic quality. Hirsch was never even approached about the job in the first place.

Hirsch's appointment marks the return of an economic and controversial salve on Born in Hungary in 1930 and orphaned during the war, Hirsch was adopted by a family from Winnipeg, where in 1958 he co-founded the Manitoba Theatre Centre, the model for subsequent Canadian regional theatres. After his term with Jean Gascon as的艺术 director of Stratford in the late '80s, several years directing at New York's Lincoln Center, four years as head of NYC drama and several guest directorships in the U.S., Hirsch has established himself, in his own words, as "the elder statesman of American neoplastic theatre." Finally Stratford has sought him out and, though nobody believes the years ahead will be easy, the festival has another chance to fulfill its primary mission.

The town became the Commandant General's headquarters of Canada industry wouldn't budge because of the adverse labor market. As kids before the war, we saw our government as a benevolent, considerate what we could do to rectify it—that's what the heart of a Shakespeare festival started, because of the town's name." After the war Paterson recruited the citizenry, got the support of various financial bigwigs and invited Tyrone Guthrie as its first artistic director. When Alec Guiness stepped on stage as an enormous tent at Stratford III on July 12, 1953, Canada's most renowned theatrical institution



Hirsch (above). His predecessors as artistic director (below, from left): Gérard Léveillé, Gauvin and Phillips; it all began with the 1953 chicken pluckers' strike!



was born. William Hutt, Douglas Bain and Audelia Hall, members of the 1953 company, also played that first season, though it didn't last long. As kids before the war, we saw our government as a benevolent, considerate what we could do to rectify it—that's what the heart of a Shakespeare festival started, because of the town's name." After the war Paterson recruited the citizenry, got the support of various financial bigwigs and invited Tyrone Guthrie as its first artistic director. When Alec Guiness stepped on stage as an enormous tent at Stratford III on July 12, 1953, Canada's most renowned theatrical institution

ries. Phillips took on administrative duties formerly assigned to a general manager and his artistic affairs suffered as a consequence. When friction arose over delays in implementing Phillips' plans to establish both a winter base in Toronto and Stage One, a one-holed acting school and media studio in Stratford, the board began taking his numerous resignations and references seriously. By mid-1979 they realized that a new director had to be found.

The interminable search that followed would have been unnecessary if Phillips' successor had already been

expressed about the directorate's future, hopes that a new era might be inaugurated ran high. In fact, the four had their misgivings that the board's choice all along was Dexter, an internationally famous director currently with New York's Metropolitan Opera, whose admitted ignorance of Stratford and Canadian theater is total, but he was not available. On Oct. 31 the board endorsed the director's proposed 1880 season by submitting a balanced budget to the Canada Council. That same day Dexter made it known to the board that he was now available for the job, and on



May 6 festival general manager Gary Thomas, after "re-examining" the directorate's lineup of plays, calculated that the proposed season would not break even but would lose \$1 million. Dexter was then offered the directorship, but this was kept quiet until Nov. 30, when the board informed the four for the first time that their season would run a deficit, that Dexter had been hired and that they were fired.

"The management, having been given six months to review the financial situation, recommended the directorate," said Henry. "I would have thought we would off base have done and died because we've lost on this kind of thing so often in the past." Henry performed well on the board, largely composed of patrician boomers whose primary concern, as Henry stated in a festival brochure, is not to allow the accumulation of deficits. Much of the blame for the lack of understanding between the board and its employees, both in this crisis and generally, falls on the board president. Robert Hicks, a noted actor whose talents did not fully encompass the arts but kept many of his fellow board members in the dark as well. Reasons were lost at fever pitch by variant and often partisan reporting in the national media; in Toronto, The Globe and Mail's theatre critic Ray Colgate speculated the mandate for the directorate while the Star's Gena Miller, a strident Phillips enthusiast, proclaimed Stratford's lofty international reputation against the stage and artifice of Canada's parochial burghers.

Despite its again-off-the-air handling of the season, by late summer the board had stumbled upon a solution that proceeded to put Stratford out of its Bywaters' solution. Four Canadians—Pam Brantley, Martha Henry, Ugo Kortely秀子—were invited to see the festival all had directed there, all were respected in the Canadian theatre community and, although doubts

had arisen about the directorate's future, hopes that a new era might be inaugurated ran high. In fact, the four had their misgivings that the board's choice all along was Dexter, an internationally famous director currently with New York's Metropolitan Opera, whose admitted ignorance of Stratford and Canadian theater is total, but he was not available. On Oct. 31 the board endorsed the director's proposed 1880 season by submitting a balanced budget to the Canada Council. That same day Dexter made it known to the board that he was now available for the job, and on

the audience of 900. After seven grueling hours the board rejected its own nomination with the aid of present candidates not nominated by the board had not been allowed access to the members there. Instead, at which point Manitoba leaped up yelling, "You guys" and demanded the board. "We have made this theatre our whole life and you've torn it into a long hall." With many festival staff and company members openly weeping in anger and despair, Hicks adjourned the meeting. At a press conference afterwards, the new board president, John Lawton, visibly shaken, announced that

their money around. "Something, the high-profile Dexter was to have been a massive hedge against inflation." Rosenthal's logic supports these assumptions, but as Manitoba pointed out at the meeting, "It's important to realize that art is not business." The festival balances its books with the aid of government grants, and the Canada Council has made a "Canadian first" policy a top priority in its allocation of grants. But before a multimillion-dollar operation like Stratford can feel assured that such a policy—if it happens to lose money initially—will be upheld to have to be restructured as festival operations, both internally in board-employee relations and in the festival's relationships with its government sponsors, says Hirsch. "Theatre belongs to the people who are accountable for them—we must restore the balance in the interests of the community and the theatres themselves."

The gentle paradox that in hiring Hicks the board might be paying lip-service to the demands made by Equity and Rosenthal, as May suggested, is the notion that the board is the way to ensure "if we put a tickle a Canadian will rise" (see right). Certain aspects of the Hicks myth could easily explain why he was originally so far from the board. His track record includes his expertise headed by Toronto lawyer and newly elected board member Julian Porter, would research the search for a Canadian director, a search that finally ended last week with Hirsch's appointment.

Although the board's isolation from artistic realities has been memorable, its concern for the festival's financial stability in just plain bottom-line terms. Like other theatres across Canada, Stratford is experiencing escalating costs, in the form of inadequate government subsidies, these can only be met by boosting ticket prices, especially audiences and working harder at fundraising. The festival, visited 16,000 times, cited audience figures justify the board's policies, was in fact entirely due to a substantial increase in ticket prices since 1979 and unanticipated growth in press donations. These windfalls did not addresse problems such as attendance, which has stabilized at about 500,000 and is expected to decline in proportion to rising gasoline prices, since 50 per cent of Stratford's audience arrives by car from the U.S. The board's solution has been to make Stratford more "commercial" by relying on imported stars like Maggie Smith and Brian Redhead to pack the houses and attract corporate donations. Says Hicks, "People will support a successful organization—they're not going to blow



quarterly compensated by government, a public funding and firmly established cultural policy is required. Of all the performing arts in Canada, theatre is the most precarious position financially, and companies across the country have been watching the Stratford forensically closely for clues to future policy decisions. It remains to be seen whether the federal cultural policy review committee currently collecting briefs will eventually submit proposals that might provide the assurances that top-quality nonprofit organizations like Stratford apparently need to survive.

To the board's credit, by appointing Hirsch it has taken the first tentative steps toward reconciliation with a deeply hostile theatre community, as

Hirsch said. "More important than the loss of money, or even a season, is that this festering situation be moderated and healed." That will take time—as any Stratford action has users who will never work for that particular board again, despite Hicks' departure from the presidency on Dec. 6 and the election of Lawton, a Stratford insurance executive who is considered more accommodating. Hicks has underscored this feeling by stating explicitly that fundamental changes will have to be implemented in festival operations, both internally in board-employee relations and in the festival's relationships with its government sponsors, says Hirsch. "Theatre belongs to the people who are accountable for them—we must restore the balance in the interests of the community and the theatres themselves."

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O jog all ye faithful

There are new temples of worship when ego is king

By Allan Fotheringham

There was, the other morning, in the 20-degree chill of Ottawa, the strange sight of a sleet-scarred winter jogger sauntering along the snow-shod streets of the Canadian capital at 7 a.m., unheralded only by other joggers who, grim-faced, padded along the Macleod trails. The puritan purpose of the joggers becomes even more stark in winter, their faces wreathed in stocking masks—like athlete-back robes—and, they posed away, little plumes of steam rising from each nose into the frigid air. Joggers never smile. They never smile because they are out there not for their weight and their muscle tone but for a far more sinister reason. Joggers, this strange army of running shoes, are the most profound worriers of all. They are the ones who are running for war.

Those who shuffle along the snowy streets in the small hours of the morning and the deadly quiet of night feel that the nuclear holocaust is imminent. They are the ones that, seeping from Roche's Regas, whose wife has just "a tiny little gun" that shoots tiny little holes, will be re-purposed when the hostages are finally released. They know, as they puff along with those tortured grimaces and frozen lungs, that it's only a matter of time before mother earth goes up in a blisk of intercontinental ballistic bombs going Joggling in the response to their subliminal fear of war.

At this Christmas of 1980, the worship of the "me generation" has taken on a new form. A look at the whole physical fitness craze indicates we have become a cohort of self-worshippers. We are, in fact, now more concerned with our bodies than we are with our souls. Charles Atlas and Howie Meeker shall make you free.

In the days of sweet victory, when God created Earth and man and Adam's troublesome rib, it was economically sound to the ruling classes to keep their peasants contented that it is heaven. Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Saturday Night*.



their just reward would be waiting in the afterlife as the reinstated plan. Death and its happy bliss would make up for a life that was nasty, brutish and short. Men's bodies, with all their egos, were to be used only to be discarded as soon as possible. The earliest masses plowed the fields or sat in factories, ignoring their lungs, their thoughts and the effusion on them, and got on with the greater good of profits for a few.

It was that mischievous Marx, of

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Whom, the most sophisticated beasts known to man, are in danger of being wiped out—for the greater glory of the eastern manufacturers who seem to be the sole living support of the world's magazines, *Time* and *Newsweek*. The most popular sector of modern society, making fat men, is the invention of an industry that depends for its being on the harassing, polishing and suspending of that fragile entity, the obsession with self.

Listen to the evidence of the new spate of the masses of the athletic clubs and the swarming paths at any party or coffee break. It is talk about the body, its weaknesses and its potential for submitting to more abuse at 7 a.m. with the temperature at -20°C. The soul languishes glazed in a day when the office boy has his hair styled and the president leaves his office at lunch in his fashion-designer jogging suit, to return smoky and full of self-righteousness, self, rules the world. The sale of exercisers is an indisputable growth industry.

And in, the Nativity of the 1980s is born. For the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, he maketh me to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. For when I get to heaven my place is reserved only if I can lose that extra 15 lbs around my middle.



Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU NO PATHLESS



One ounce of
Black Velvet.
A quarter ounce of
sweet vermouth.

A maraschino
cherry.

Lots and lots of
ice is now *de rigueur*.

Your friend will
come back and see
you sometime.



The BV Manhattan. It's big in the city.